



THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

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WAUKEGAN HAS HIGH FIRE LOSS

Manufacturer's Terminal Loss Will Exceed \$500,000; Many Plants Burned Out

SAILORS PATROL SCENES

Flames of disaster for the third time in a few years, swept through the huge Waukegan Manufacturer's terminal shortly before noon last Friday and ate out its heart.

By two thirty o'clock four large factory buildings had been reduced to blackened ruins and at least four industries swept out of existence.

No lives were lost, but one person was overcome by smoke and heat. He was John Steen, head of the Steen Combination Lock company, and he was overcome fighting the flames that were destroying his factory. Two jockies rescued Eteen, a huge man who was fighting the flames bareheaded and in his shirt sleeves, and laid him on a grass plot. He was removed to his home by Chief Tyrrell.

The burned industries, as nearly as could be learned were: National Kellastone Co., Mutual Film Co., Oregon Woodware Co., Steen Combination Lock Co., Huge area of space leased by government for war supplies.

The buildings burned in the main were space that was part of the 500,000 square feet leased by the United States government for storing war supplies. Lieut. Gaston, U. S. A., was in charge and the space was being prepared for occupancy, one hundred carpenters being employed at installing new floor and window casings, with other improvements.

The flames started at the east side of the building known as the old table house in the Corn Products days. Here a huge quantity of rubbish had been heaped out of the building until it was about three stories high.

It is believed a spark from a passing engine, alighting in this rubbish heap, or a cigarette butt tossed from a window, set fire to the refuse wood. For a long time there was no evidence of flames and the heap merely smoldered and gave menace of fire. Then there was a burst of flame five or six stories high and within the next few minutes the whole structure was ablaze. Fanned by a gale that twisted and whirled like a cyclone the flames were spread with rapidity of lightning, once they obtained a hold and the vast building became a torch.

Never has such a roaring mountain of flames been seen in that city. The fire drew away. In Waukegan's history as a spectacle.

Meantime all along the street homes were being emptied of their occupants and furniture. Every window became an outlet for bedding, chairs, cabinets and even children. The street for two blocks north of the terminal was one vast scene of panic, partially mantled by smoke with waves of scorching flames over head.

Fire Marshal Sara O'Farrell drove his auto up Market street toward the heart of the fire. He could see only smoke at the point where he stopped the car, but a second later, as he left, there was a gigantic spurt of flame, and the auto was burned. The same fate was met by the motor of Captain B. S. Mason, Chief of the south side fire department.

Just south of the scene of the fire, which was in the central portion of the terminal, are the Monly Motor Corporation, the Dickerson Foundry Company and the Kitchen Service company, as well as more than twenty other small industries. These vomited forth their workers in a hurry and all, officials and men joined in fighting the flames.

Seen the American Steel and Wire company firemen trotted down the trucks to the scene. Then came the North Chicago fire department, and calls were sent out to every surrounding city.

Great Lakes sent an ambulance, an armed guard of 300 men to surround every foot of the huge terminal, and more than 200 fire fighters. Fire lines were drawn at once on the arrival of the jockies, each in charge of a petty officer, and spectators were barred in fear they might be trapped by falling, crumbling walls.

Late in the afternoon it was announced officially that 500 jockies under command of Lieut. Qultman were on patrol duty alone. They arrived in great motor trucks. At the same time came one truck loaded with large tin pulls, and with these a bucket brigade was organized among the sailors to fight the tiny spurts of flame that every minute menaced new buildings.

Frank Crawford Meets Death at Russell Crossing

Another fatality occurred at the St. Paul railroad crossing at Russell last Friday afternoon, when Frank Crawford of that village drove an automobile straight into an approaching engine.

Crawford who conducts a garage in the village of Russell had been repairing a car belonging to John White and when the owners called for the machine in order to make sure that all was right the mechanic took the car out for a trial before turning it over to the owners. On the trial spin he was accompanied by Mr. White's twelve years old son, Gilbert. They had been up and down the street several times and were driving east along the road toward the railroad crossing. A train was coming up from the south at a high rate of speed and the driver slowed up and waited for it to pass. As it cleared the crossing he started the machine and reached the south bound track just as the south bound train came through. The auto dashed straight into the engine. The car and its occupants were hurled for some distance.

Crawford was picked up unconscious and so serious a nature were his injuries that he was hurried at once to the Kenosha hospital. A portion of his skull was torn away and he was badly cut and bruised as well as suffering from internal injuries. He never regained consciousness and passed away shortly after seven o'clock.

The boy was picked up about fifty feet from the crossing and taken at once to the home of his parents. He too was unconscious for many hours, and at first it was feared that his injuries would also prove fatal, but at the present time he is slowly improving and has a good chance of recovery.

Men who witnessed the accident declare that Crawford, who was a particularly careful driver, must not have heard the train approaching from the north and that he evidently believed that the crossing was clear. The members of the train crew declared that they had sounded the whistle for the crossing but that it was impossible to see Crawford approaching and that the accident could not have been avoided.

The deceased was about thirty-two years of age and was widely known in Russell and the surrounding country. He is survived by a widow and a large number of other relatives and friends. This is said to be the seventh fatality that has occurred at the Russell crossing and thus the people have come to call it "death crossing."

The funeral was held at Russell Sunday.

Harlie Davis Married to Samuel Mesha, Saturday

Last Saturday afternoon in Chicago, Miss Harlie Davis of this village became the bride of Mr. Samuel E. Mesha of Chicago. The wedding was a very quiet affair no relatives or friends in attendance.

The bride is the youngest daughter of Mrs. Margaret Davis and her entire life has been spent in this vicinity where she has a large circle of friends who extend to her best wishes for a life of happiness, and who did not forget to give the newlyweds a rousing charivari Saturday night.

The happy couple returned to Antioch Saturday evening and remained until Sunday evening when they returned to Chicago and went to housekeeping in the home which Mr. Mesha had in readiness for the reception of his bride.

The news joins with their many friends in extending to them most hearty congratulations.

Village President Makes Appointments

The Village board met in regular session Tuesday evening at which time the following appointments were made by the president, Wm. Christian.

Board of Health—W. J. Christian, Dr. Beebe.

Finance—Oliver Cubben, Frank Hardden, L. B. Grice.

Streets and Alleys—F. R. King, P. O. Hawkins, O. Cubben.

Lights and Lighting—W. H. Osmond, P. O. Hawkins, O. Cubben.

Board of Local Improvements—W. J. Christian, F. R. King, O. Cubben.

Water Commissioner—W. R. Williams.

Village Trapper—D. B. Sabin.

Fire Marshal—Lew VanPatten.

Collector Special Assessments—Elmer Brook.

Village Marshal—Wm. Gray.

Without Oil.

A tactless man is in the running of his affairs, like an engineer who runs his locomotive without oil, whether it is through ignorance or just to show what can be done. Both men come to grief before they have gone very far.

ANTIOCH GOES OVER THE TOP EXCEEDS QUOTA BY \$7,200

Antioch's Quota of \$60,800 was Raised and Over-Subscribed \$7,200 Exceeds Expectations

Antioch township has showed its patriotism by its loyal support of the third liberty loan. The quota of the township was \$60,800 and that amount was over-subscribed to the extent of \$7,200.

In the opening days of the campaign we were behind schedule at each checking up and for a time it was feared that we would fall short of our quota, but the last few days told the success of the efforts of the committee, and in the final checking up Saturday afternoon they were elated to learn that "Antioch had gone over the top". And one particularly gratifying feature is that almost the entire amount was subscribed by individuals, the banks taking but a very small share, which proves the willingness of the people to stand by Uncle Sam.

The Boy Scouts succeeded in selling \$4,450 worth of the bonds and three of the boys were fortunate enough to win war service medals. To win a medal each boy was obliged to sell at least ten bonds, and they must be sold to ten different people. Gordon Ames, Ralph Thompson and Howard Spafford were the proud winners of the medals.

Antioch has won its honor flag, which is now in the possession of Chase Webb Chairman of the Liberty Loan Sales Committee, who plans to display it in the window of the village hall.

Chairman Webb, wishes at this time to express his appreciation to each and every purchaser for the loyal support given the committee at this time, and especially does he extend thanks to the members of his committee that worked so untiringly in order that Antioch might not fall short of its quota, and to the Boy Scouts for their activity in the campaign.

While the exact figures are unavailable it is known that Lake county has far exceeded its maximum quota of \$2,415,050.

Red Cross Day to be a Feature of County Fair

The Lake County Board of Agriculture has announced September 18, 19, 20 and 21, is the dates for the sixty-fifth annual fair at Libertyville. The fair will open on Wednesday and Thursday will be observed as Children's day; Friday, Red Cross day and Saturday, Patriotic day, when special patriotic features will be arranged for, including notable speakers and the presence of jockies from the Great Lakes Naval Training station.

J. B. Morse and L. V. Lusk, superintendent of speed, will do their utmost to provide a splendid program of races, and there will be baseball games and other interesting special features.

Following are the officers and directors of the fair:

President—W. E. Miller.

First vice president—Wm. Vickory.

Second vice president—L. V. Lusk.

Treasurer—O. E. Churchill.

Secretary—J. E. Triggs.

Board of Directors: R. W. Churchill, E. W. Butterfield, Charles H. Cheever, D. L. Putnam, Fred Grabbe.

Death of Charles Rudolph

On Saturday evening of last week occurred the death of Charles Rudolph, Sr., of Channah, due to the general breaking down of advanced age.

The deceased was born in Prussia, on March 27, 1840. In 1864, he was joined in marriage to Johannah Weege, and to this union was born seventeen children of which only four are living. Mrs. Mary Matern and Frank of Wilmet, Charles and Albert of Channah, Ho came to America in 1868. Landed in Milwaukee and later went to Channah Lake where the remainder of his life was spent, being 78 years 1 month and 8 days of age.

The funeral services were held in the Antioch M. E. church Tuesday afternoon with burial in the Antioch Hillside cemetery.

Keep Smiling.

Best advice of all is contained in the last words of the chorus of a popular song: "Smile—smile—smile!" However, you must smile from the heart, not merely twitching facial muscles mechanically, but flashing a message of friendliness and jollity from the heart.—Burlington Hawkeye.

Letter from a Soldier Boy in France

April 9, 1918

Somewhere in France,

Dear Mother:

Received your letter a couple of days ago and will answer tonight while I have a chance. I have just finished writing to Lyle, I am fine and dandy, excepting having some kind of an itch which we all have got I guess its from eating too much grease or something I am used to it now any way. There was an army dentist stopped here to fix our grinders up so we could eat war bread, I had a couple uppers filled with some kind of stuff, he sure has been some busy man jerking out the ivory, etc. Well I can not write much news I had a picture shot last Sunday and will send you one so you can see for yourself that I am Jake and all together, I am receiving your papers also some from Mable, have not received package yet, but they will some time I expect, and I sure will be glad when they come as I need the smoking, am down to French tobacco again, and oh, boy, it is strong. Say ma, if you get a chance some time try and get a hold of a pair of good big leather gloves like I used to wear on the line, or a pair of them leather stone mittens and send them over when you get a chance. My hands are all skinned to pieces, no hurry about them though. Does Harden's ever hear from Ben Drury I have not heard from him in a long time, but they are not so far away from where I am and doing the same kind of work, I understand. I get a couple of letters from Edna which I have got to answer but I guess I will not have time tonight. We have green onions and lettuce over here now. Apples trees are all in bloom. I guess that is going some, isn't it? Well the big things is going on now. I think in a few more months it will tell the tale. I don't think there is any chance of us getting back home for a day or two though. Well ma, I have got to close for now. Tell dad to love me a line. I remain as ever your loving son, W. F. Stickley, Co. 'A' 503 S. B., A. E. F., France.

Expect Fox Lake Bridge Will Cost Above Estimate

The estimate of \$35,000, made a year ago, as to the probable cost of the entire improvement including two bridges over Pistakee Bay, at Fox Lake, will prove entirely too low, in the opinion of county surveyor Charles Russell. It was estimated at that time that the cost of the 50-foot and 120-foot spans would be about \$17,000. The cost of materials have increased so much in the last year that it is the opinion of Mr. Russell that the cost will be at least \$20,000.

Bids have been called for and will be opened May 22, at which time it will be known just what the cost is going to be. The county of Lake has agreed to pay \$8,000 toward the cost of putting in the improvement. The rest will be paid for by special assessment and bonds raised.

When the bridges span the Pistakee it will open a straight route to Lake Geneva and is expected to bring a much larger number of pleasure seekers to the Lake region of Lake county.

Mrs. W. J. Cronin Dies at Kenosha, Thursday

On Thursday of last week in the city of Kenosha, occurred the death of Mrs. W. J. Cronin of Kenosha, a former resident of this village. The deceased was born in Chicago Sept. 26, 1874, and was forty-three years, five months and six days of age. She is survived by one son Thomas, of Kenosha, and also her mother Mrs. J. Girard, two sisters, Mrs. Stewart of Chicago and Mrs. Chas. Eames of Lake Villa and four brothers, Edward of Rose Lawn, Ind., William of Antioch, Frank and Adolph of Kenosha. The funeral services were held in Saturday, with burial in Kenosha.

Nina Larsen Has a Ten Pound Boy

A ten pound boy was born on Sunday evening at 10 o'clock at the county hospital to Miss Nina Larsen, the half-witted woman whose experience at the poor farm at Libertyville recently caused such a sensation.

The attending physician was Dr. Daniels of Waukegan, he having been called in by County Physician Brown to take personal charge of this particular case.

The mother is getting on nicely and to all indications it is a fine looking, strong and promising child. The babe is not old enough yet to determine whether there are any signs of a weak mentality. The mother hoped the stark would bring her a daughter instead of a boy.

Optimistic Thought.

The voice of reason is more to be regarded than any present inclination.

NEWS ITEMS OF INTEREST

Our Exchanges Have Many Items of Different Events Concerning News.

NEWS OF VARIOUS KINDS

The city of Crystal Lake has placed an order for three 8,000 gallon tanks of steel oil.

Glenn Kurzrok, son of Editor Kurzrok of the East Troy News, is suffering from an attack of diphtheria in a hospital in France.

According to W. J. Kittle the Co-operative Marketing association work is coming along fine, a total of 5,000 shares having been sold to date and nearly \$100,000 worth of stock having been paid.

With the approval of the war department the North western military academy at Lake Geneva will this summer conduct a series of training camps for young men about to become of draft age.

The home of Wm. Rust of Mukwonago, was painted yellow by a committee and the figure of a straw man was hung from his porch. The house was badly smeared up with yellow paint, and no one seems to know who did it.

A picture of Robert M. LaFollette was cut from its frame, where it hung alongside the pictures of Washington and Lincoln in the high school at Geneva Junction was found pinned to telephone pole on the main square. The yellow heart, which was painted on the picture was pierced by the knife.

A recount will be taken on the license vote in Elkhorn in response to a petition signed by the seven qualified voters, who have carefully investigated the votes cast and state that they have reason to believe that sixteen persons voted illegally. It will be remembered that Elkhorn voted wet by a majority of 13 votes.

James McCauley, wealthy Hartland farmer, was arrested on Monday of last week, charged with seditious utterances made to solicitors for liberty bond who called on him. McCauley was brought to Woodstock, where he was given a grilling. The following morning when he appeared for hearing he retracted all the statements that he had made and in addition he publicly apologized for what he had done. He then contributed \$500 to the Red Cross, \$500 to the Y. M. C. A., and \$500 to the Knights of Columbus war funds, after which the prosecution was dropped.

Speak English

There are but two reasons for the study of a foreign language. One is to be able to read scientific works in that language, and the other is for its use in foreign travel or as foreign representative of the government or a business. Teaching foreign languages in the school grades to fit the pupils to converse with foreigners who have failed to learn the English language is a waste of time and money. Immigrants who do not learn to speak English within two years after settling in this country should be sent back to the country they left. This is a bully time to have America for Americans, and our adopted sons can be as good Americans as any if they choose, and if they don't choose they will please close the door when they go out.

Official List of Transfers

FURNISHED BY
Lake County Title and Trust Co.
Abstracts of Title, Titles Guaranteed,
WAUKEGAN ILLINOIS

Wm Gray and wf to Jennie Fill-
weber lot 101, County Clerks
sub, Antioch wd \$ 1 00

Fred Klemann and wf to John
and Minnie Corbett pt lot 17,
County Clerks sub Antioch
wd

John Corbett and wf to J. L. S.
Klemann and wf, Antioch people
Lake wd

E. M. Gross to Wm Walker lot
8, Deep Lake sub wd

YANKEES

ON PICARDY FRONT

U. S. Artillery Wipes Out Enemy's Position in the Luneville Sector.

FRENCH DRIVE GERMANS OFF HILL 82 NEAR AMIENS

Ground Regained Is More Valuable to Allies Than Any Other Along the Entire Somme Region—Teutons Attack New Positions Won by British at Hinges, but Are Repulsed—England Expects Kaiser to Start New "Peace" Drive.

With the American Forces on the French Front, May 7.—The enemy launched a heavy gas attack against the American troops on the Picardy front during the night. They sent over 35,000 shells, composed chiefly of mustard gas, within a brief period.

These shells were followed by an intense artillery fire at midnight, several hundred gas shells dropping into the American lines.

Hun Plane Shot Down.

Enemy airplanes appeared over the American lines about the same time. Antiaircraft guns brought down one German machine and damaged another.

The extreme activity of the artillery and aviators, the rifle fire and night flares and the reported movements behind the enemy lines in this sector may forecast a new attack, but General Pershing's men are ready for any emergency.

They are counteracting the enemy's preparations blow for blow, keeping up a harassing artillery, rifle and machine gun fire and are actively patrolling.

Yankee Prisoners Taken.

Berlin, May 7.—American prisoners have been captured by the Germans in engagements southwest of Amiens, according to the war office statement.

"In engagements with the Americans southwest of Amiens, we took prisoners," the statement declares.

Towns Shelled by U. S. Men.

With the American army west of Montdidier, May 7.—American guns are shelling Montdidier, Cantigny, Meuse-St. Georges and other towns and roads in this vicinity captured by the Germans some time ago.

British Take 20 Prisoners.

LONDON, May 7.—The British took 200 prisoners in their local advance in the direction of Meuse and Albert, Field marshal Haig announced.

The British line has been advanced one-half of a mile on a front of more than a mile between the Somme and the Meuse, west-southwest of Montdidier, says the official statement from Field Marshal Haig's headquarters.

Each position in the neighborhood of Locron and the Lave, on the eastern leg of the Lys salient in Flanders, has been improved in local fighting.

Huns Use New Gas on Yankees.

With the American Army on a French Battle Front, May 6.—A new German liquid gas was projected against the Picardy front, where American troops are fighting.

The gas is contained in glass bottles. On bursting they scatter a cloud from which heavy, white, transparent fumes arise for five minutes.

No detonation was heard as the bottles were hurled. Apparently they were thrown by a spring. The gas caused nausea, sneezing and coughing, but did not harm any of the Americans.

Two German airplanes were brought down.

A successful artillery attack and raid by the Americans in the Luneville sector eliminated the first of the German salients jutting uncomfortably into our lines on this front.

U. S. Guns Wipe Out Foe.

With the American Army in France, May 6.—During the last three days the American artillery in the Luneville sector has completely chased the Germans from their front positions and wiped certain sections of the enemy rear off the map. This is the same artillery that not long ago gave a similar performance in another Lorraine sector.

Just now the German first and second lines are in about the same condition as No Man's Land, in which the Americans are working more freely than ever before.

The sections affected by the work of these American guns are south, southwest and southeast of Halloville (approximately 13 miles east of Luneville and about six miles from the German border).

Allies Advance at Ypres.

British Headquarters in France, May 6.—Franco-British forces, in the course of a successful operation between

Leere and Draucourt, advanced their positions on a thousand-yard front to an average depth of 500 yards.

The British took 18 prisoners and the French 32.

The enemy was driven from two or three farms and the allies took some high ground near Koutkot.

The French, continuing their operations, carried some strongly-held buildings in the neighborhood of the sector. All the enemy counter-efforts were broken up with considerable loss.

These local successes are of distinct value, strengthening the allied defenses of the approach to Scherpenberg and Mont Houge.

British Hold Gains.

LONDON, May 6.—German troops attacked the new positions gained by the British Friday night on the Picardy front near Hinges, northwest of Bethune. They were repulsed, the war office announced, the British line remaining intact.

The British positions were improved in local operations northeast of Amiens, near Sully-le-Sec and north of Albert in the vicinity of Hebuterne. The artillery on both sides is continuing its activity along the Lys battlefield front.

French Capture Hill.

LONDON, May 4.—While a new German stroke on either the northern or southern battle front is still delayed, the French have taken the initiative in the latter field and delivered a telling blow southeast of Amiens.

Attacking on a front of more than a mile between Hallies and Castel, the British troops drove the German line from Hill 82, an eminence of some 250 feet overlooking the Avese river, and captured the wood to the east and southeast, immediately bordering on the Avese.

The ground thus gained is probably more valuable than any other of equal area which lies along the entire Somme line. It was at Hallies that the Germans effected their greatest westward penetration in their Amiens drive, and at Hill 82 they were within less than three miles of the important Paris-Amiens railway.

Adding this new terrain to the other high ground taken by the French further south along the Avese not long ago, an excellent line of defenses appears to have been taken up by the entente forces in this region.

Quiet on Flanders Front.

The positions of the French at Haugard and those of the British on the Villers-Bretonneux ridge preserve the continuity of the line on commanding ground at virtually all the vital spots north of the Somme.

In the Villers-Bretonneux region, as well, there has been a further improvement of the entente position, the French gaining ground in local fighting there.

The Germans are still holding off on the Flanders battle front.

Co-operating with the French in local fighting south of Villers-Bretonneux (nine miles east of Amiens) the British took prisoners, the official report from Field Marshal Haig's headquarters.

Huns to Open "Peace Drive."

In the opinion of Lord Robert Cecil, minister of blockade, the failure of Germany's "knockout offensive" on the western front will result in a big peace offensive, directed mainly against Great Britain, and possibly made in an attractive form, but which will not afford any terms the allies can look at.

In this opinion, made in a statement to a correspondent, Lord Robert expressed the further belief that the new peace offensive would be largely for German consumption, because "the rulers of Germany know they have to rely on their own resources they cannot hold out much longer."

Lull in Battle Continues.

LONDON, May 3.—With the reports from the French war office and from Field Marshal Haig showing almost complete inactivity on both the Somme and Flanders battlefields, observers here are speculating on how many more men the German higher command will be willing to risk in costly offensive operations.

The German command has permitted three days to pass since General van Arnim sustained his severe reverse southeast of Ypres, without undertaking anything but minor attacks.

Not the least interesting of these bits of information is a dispatch from British headquarters in France, which says:

"The German field depots are being heavily drawn upon to replace recent casualties. The Thirteenth German reserve division has just received a company of 250 boys of the 1910-20 class, who had only eight weeks' training, and were not to be put into the fighting unless absolutely necessary. But the fact that they are now in the division in the battle line suggests the anticipation that they may have to be used."

Coupled with this is the statement given circulation here and attributed to a source of authority, that the Germans have suffered casualties amounting nearly to 100,000 men since Hindenburg and Ludendorff began their offensive on March 21 which was to crush the power of the allies.

varia, after the United States had declared war on the Kaiser.

Wellington was caught in the maelstrom of the great war, while on a trip through Europe with his grandmother.

"When the war first started, we were in Germany," Wellington said. "We couldn't get money from home, and the Germans sent me and grandmother to an old people's home."

"When we wanted something to eat we had to have a ticket and get in line."

RETREAT OF HAIG

VIVID WORD PICTURE PAINTED BY AN ILLINOIS OFFICER IN THE GREAT BATTLE.

BRITISH IN HERCULEAN TASK

Although Enemy Divisions Numbered Ten to One, Slaughter of Germans Was Terrific—Thrilling Details by Lieut. Roswell T. Pettit.

Details of the Haig retreat in the famous battle in Picardy, are most interestingly told by First Lieutenant Roswell T. Pettit, M. O. R. C., of Ottawa, Ill., in a letter to his father, Dr. J. W. Pettit of the Ottawa tuberculosis colony, and published in the Chicago Tribune. The American officer endured nine days of the horrors and was in the thickest of the fighting during the retreat of the British Fifth army, from St. Quentin. Lieutenant Pettit's report of the battle thrills, and the stress of the great conflict are given before his impressions had in any way been dulled by time, written immediately after his experience. His letter follows:

Lieutenant Pettit's Letter. March 30.

Dear Father: Now that the show is over for me for the time being, and I have time to breathe and sleep and eat and write, I'll try and tell you about the battle. Before you receive this you will have had the whole story from the papers, but I know you will be interested in knowing what I did in the affair.

Of course, the things I saw were but an infinitesimal part of a gigantic whole and it would be impossible for me to give a correct description of the battle. And as I write this, I do it with no knowledge whatever of what has been going on even a few miles from me.

I have not seen a paper in eight days; I have received no mail, and the only information we have received has been by word of mouth, and most of what we hear must be wild rumors. For example: The French have advanced 20 miles at Verdun, the Americans have taken Ostend, and are on their way to Zebruge, and a great naval battle has been fought in the North sea.

All I know is that on this part of the front the Germans attacked us in overwhelming numbers, in places ten divisions to one; that they suffered terrible losses, but finally broke through our lines of defense, one after another, and fighting for the most part, a rear guard action, we have retired about 15 miles in a straight line.

For a week before the battle started we had been expecting it; we were ready to move on 30 minutes' notice. I had been out with combatant as well as medical officers on tours of reconnaissance, definite methods of evacuation of the wounded had been worked out, and our plans of counter-attack had been made. After four or five days of waiting, the storm finally broke.

The Boche opened up on us at 5 a. m., March 21, with the heaviest barrage I have ever heard. "Stand to!" was sounded, we turned out dressed, and had all our equipment packed in 30 minutes. Then we sat down and waited for orders to move. The barrage kept up continuously, sometimes heavier and then of less intensity, sometimes it seemed to be to the north of us and then suddenly it switched to the south.

Our balloons were up as soon as it was light and the airplanes were buzzing over our heads. The ground mist gradually cleared and the Germans put a hail of shrapnel on our camp and we all took cover, but three men were hit. Why it is a fellow always feels safer with a roof over his head, even if he knows bullets and shrapnel and pieces of shell will go through boards and corrugated iron just like paper.

Ordered to Move.

Our orders to move finally came and we marched off to the brigade assembly point several miles away. This assembly point was in a little bunch of trees about the size of Allen park and behind and separated from a larger wood in front. In the larger wood there was a battery of heavy artillery, and shells were dropping in there, two or three to a minute, and it was heavy stuff, too.

Sometimes they overshot the big wood and shells were landing in the open around the little wood where my brigade had its assembly point. As we approached our little camp we could make all this out from some distance away and it wasn't a pleasant sensation to feel that we were marching straight into it.

All the battalions arrived and in that little copse there must have been at least two thousand men. What a chance if the Germans only knew! But the shells continued to drop in front of us and on either side, but none landed among us, and after waiting there for

Russian Worshippers Devout.

The typical Russian congregation, with a reverence and devotion which might well shame some western congregations. There are none of the laughing and talking before and after the service, none of the smiling and whispering during the singing of hymns, which so painfully characterize restless and inattentive Americans. The Russian quietly and reverently enters his church, patiently stands through a service whose length is often protracted to two or three hours, and

though he may not understand every part of the elaborate ritual, he gives it his unwavering attention.—Exchange.

Has Coat of Elk Teeth.

Those who are in a position to know say \$3 is a fair average price for an elk tooth, such as are sold to members of the order of the Elks, according to Popular Science Monthly. Much higher prices are paid for very good specimens.

A curio dealer in Steubenville, O.,

three hours, expecting to be blown to bits any second, we finally moved forward. Just as we left the copse, from behind us, up over a ridge, came a stream of galloping horses.

"It's the cavalry," someone shouted, but soon I made out limbers and field guns.

They galloped past us, going like mad, took up a position to our right, swung into position, unlimbered, and in two minutes were blazing away. It was a thrilling sight.

Torn by Shells.

In going forward we went around the end of the larger wood in front of us, over ground that was torn to bits by the heavy shell fire that had just preceded, over another edge, across a valley, and under the crest of a hill. And here we found the tanks going over the top of the hill to take up their position. At this point we were still about a mile from the front line.

At this place I opened up an old post under the crest of the hill to take care of what wounded came in while we were getting into position. I looked back across the valley we had just traversed.

Shrapnel was bursting in the air, shells were whizzing overhead, and our guns behind me were belching forth the fire. The noise was deafening.

A railroad ran through the valley and an engine pulling a couple of flat cars was going by. A couple of soldiers were sitting on the rear truck swinging their feet. A shell burst on the track and only missed the last car about fifteen yards. Neither man was hit and the train went blithely on.

By this time it was getting along toward evening, the sun was sinking in the west, and finally went down a great ball of fire. At the time, I remember, I noticed its color. It was blood red and had a sinister look. Was it my imagination, or might it have been a premonition? At any rate, I shall never forget the color of the sun as it set that night at the end of the first day of probably one of the greatest battles in history. It certainly didn't look good to me.

The drumming of the guns continued, twilight gradually deepened into night, the signaller stopped their wigwagging and took up their flash signals, a fog dropped down on us and put the lights out of business, and when we left to go forward under the cover of darkness they were busy putting out their telephone lines—signallers, and runners don't have an easy time.

Shell Dump Goes Up.

Behind us a shell landed in an ammunition dump and it went up with a roar; then the rifle ammunition started going off like a great bunch of firecrackers, and great tongues of flame lit up the sky.

It is reported that the Germans had broken through our line and we were to counter-attack in the morning. We got into positions without a single casualty. I opened an old post in an old dugout and settled down to sleep until morning. You may think it funny that one could sleep under such conditions, but I had been up since 5:30, had tramped about six or seven miles, had had a rather trying day, and was dog tired.

So I settled down on the rough plank floor and was soon asleep. I must have been asleep a couple of hours when a runner came from headquarters and told us we were to move off immediately. I looked at my watch and it was 1:30 a. m. on the second day.

We went back to a position some six miles to the north of us, landing there about 4 in the morning and flopped down on the floor of some abandoned huts to wait further orders. Our orders came along about 9 o'clock. We marched up across the open prairie, the sun shining, and it was really hot.

Just like some of the warm days we get forward it was necessary for us to march seventy-five yards in front of three batteries of field guns. There are six guns to a battery. They shot an eighteen-pound shell, and while we were there each gun was shooting twice to the minute. You can imagine the racket when I tell you that the discharge of one gun can be heard about four miles. In addition the Boche was trying to knock out this battery and he was dropping his six inch shells a little too close for comfort.

Nearly in a Trap.

Then I made a lovely mistake. I was to establish an aid post near battalion headquarters and went blithely on when I met a company commander and asked him where to go.

"Back there about a quarter of a mile," he replied. "This is the front center company. If you keep on in the direction you are going you are going up over that ridge and Fritz will be waiting for you with a machine gun."

So my sergeant and orderly and myself didn't waste any time in clearing. On the way back I found a gully can full of water, got into a corrugated iron shelter and had a wash and a shave. It certainly felt good. I don't believe I had washed for thirty-six hours. It was warm and bright. I could look out of my shelter and see our support lines digging themselves

in several hundred yards away. The cannon fire ceased, the machine guns settled down to an occasional rattle burst and it was midday of a beautiful spring day.

A couple of partridge flew over me. What did they know or care about all this noise and racket and men getting up in line and killing each other?

Along about three o'clock things began to liven up again. In the meantime headquarters had been established in a sunken road with banks about fifteen feet high on either side (later this cut was half filled with dead). My aid post was in a dugout near by and gradually things got better and hotter.

Our men had dug themselves in and were popping away with their rifles. The field batteries behind us were putting up a barrage, airplanes were circling overhead, both ours and the Germans. The Germans put up a counter-barrage, the machine guns were going like mad. I was standing with the colonel on a little rise of ground above the sunken road when the Germans broke through about a mile to the north of us. They could be plainly seen pouring over the ridge in close formation.

Tanks Get Into Action.

Then the tanks came up, and you should have seen them run! Just like rabbits! The tanks roared; the Boches reformed and came at it again. They tell me that at certain places our men withstood fifteen successive attacks and that the Germans went down in thousands. One Welshman told me that his gun accounted for 75 in three minutes during one wave.

Machine-gun bullets were dipping around me, the shell fire was getting hotter, and even though it was a wonderful sight to watch I decided "discretion was the better part of valor," or something like that, and got down in my dugout.

I was sitting there smoking a cigarette when my orderly came down and said I was being relieved and was to go back and work with the ambulance. Fifteen hours later the man that relieved me was captured. But I am getting ahead of my story.

I went back to the advanced dressing station through the hottest shell fire I ever experienced. More than once I went down on my face when a shell burst and the pieces were whizzing over my head. I spent the night in a mixed village where the advanced dressing station was located, and all night they shelled it to blazes. It was remarkable how few casualties we had.

About eleven o'clock the morning of the third day a shell blew in the side of our post, but luckily no one was hurt. We stuck to it until about four in the afternoon, when we saw our men retiring over a ridge in front of us, keeping up a continuous machine gun and rifle fire, and we beat it back to another village and opened another post.

The Begrimed Lord.

About ten o'clock on the morning of the fourth day Lord Thyme, my colonel when I was with the battalion, stumbled into the shack where I was sitting. He looked like a ghost. He had lost his hat, his face was covered with a four days' beard, the sweat had traced tracks in the dust from his forehead to his chin. His sleeve was torn and bloody and he had a gash in his arm where he had been struck by a piece of flying shell case.

"My God, doc, are you here?" he said. "You got out just in time. The battalion is all gone. The sunken road is filled with dead—mostly 'Huns, damn 'em. The line broke on the right; we were surrounded, and at the last we were fighting back and back. Only thirty of us got away."

So we knew the Boche had broken through to our right and one left, and it was a question of how long it would be before we, too, were surrounded, but we wanted to stick it out as long as we could.

But not more than an hour later a medical officer rushed in from one of the battalions and between gasps for breath told us the Germans were on the edge of the village, had shot him through the sleeve with a machine gun bullet (luckily that was all), and for us to beat it.

The third day, sitting around the fire in our mess after the best dinner we had had in days, the commanding officer handed me some papers and said, "Here is something that will interest you, Pettit. I want to say we shall be sorry to lose you."

And this is what it was: "Lieut. Roswell T. Pettit, M. O. R. C. is relieved from duty with the British army and will proceed to the A. E. F., where he will report for duty."

I leave for Paris in the morning. This has been a long tale, but the half of it hasn't been told. I hope I haven't strung it out too much.

I have just been informed that all my kit had to be burned to prevent it falling into the hands of the enemy. I shall probably want you to send me some things from home, but will see what I can get here first. ROSWELL T. PETTIT.

BOND GOAL PASSED

Billion Over Amount Set Is Total Reached.

Contributions to Liberty Loan Cause Will Be Nearly \$4,000,000,000—Nine Thousand Take \$10,000,000— Iowa Leads.

FIRST LOAN.

Quota \$2,000,000,000

Subscribed 3,035,226,850

Subscribers (No count)

SECOND LOAN.

Quota \$3,000,000,000

Subscribed 4,617,532,300

Subscribers (No count)

THIRD LOAN.

Quota \$3,000,000,000

Subscribed \$4,000,000,000

Subscribers \$15,000,000

The total of Liberty loans for the country (present loan estimated) is \$10,652,760,150.

*Estimated.

Washington, May 6.—The treasury department on Sunday officially announced the third Liberty Loan figures at the sum of \$3,310,028,250.

Some 17,000,000 persons approximately 17,000,000 persons purchased bonds. The approximate number of subscribers in each federal reserve district follows:

District	Number of Subscribers
New York	4,000,000
Chicago	2,498,000
Cleveland	1,541,470
Philadelphia (estimated)	1,200,000
Boston (estimated)	1,200,000
San Francisco	1,000,000
Atlanta	1,000,000
Minneapolis	1,000,000
Kansas City (estimated)	900,000
Richmond (estimated)	800,000
St. Louis	800,000
Dallas	800,000

Grand total \$10,652,760,150

The most effective night's drive of the campaign is yet to be tallied up. The Boston and Philadelphia districts' figures represent sales only up to the New York district up to four o'clock in the afternoon, and in the remaining districts up to three o'clock.

The final figures, it was said, will go well over the \$4,000,000,000 mark.

The fourth loan and a Red Cross campaign are to be started in the fall.

Seventh District Loan Figures.

Chicago, May 7.—The Seventh federal reserve district has unofficially subscribed 150 per cent of its quota to the third Liberty loan.

The latest official figures for the Seventh federal reserve district, given on Sunday night when many thousands of subscriptions still remained to be tabulated, are as follows:

Division	Quota	Subs.	Value	Pct. of
Chicago	\$125,000,000	189,119	\$125,000,000	100.00
Indiana	22,500,000	35,558	22,500,000	100.00
Illinois	22,500,000	35,558	22,500,000	100.00
Michigan	22,500,000	35,558	22,500,000	100.00
Wisconsin	22,500,000	35,558	22,500,000	100.00
Totals	\$125,000,000	189,119	\$125,000,000	100.00

Chicago's unofficial subscription total is \$150,000,000. This may be swelled by reports not yet tabulated. Chicago's quota was \$125,000,000.

One in every three persons in Cook county is a bond holder in Uncle Sam's third big loan drive, according to the statistics compiled Sunday. The complete figures may show a million subscriptions in Cook county, one to every two and one-half.

Predictions Are Realized.

All day, belated reports poured into Liberty Loan headquarters from the first five states in the district. From scores of these it was seen that the optimistic predictions made Saturday night when the campaign closed in a blaze of patriotism throughout the district will be realized.

Town came through with a report Saturday of 3,000 subscribers, making \$10,000,000. Michigan, whose total percentage was expected to be 123 per cent of its quota, reported that this figure would easily be met. Indiana, expected to show 128 per cent, reported that the final figures may boost this to 135 per cent.

Wisconsin, at no time feared as a laggard, came through with flying colors and trailed down a close second with a 155 per cent oversubscription.

NEW ARMY DRAFT TAKES 233,472

Selects Ordered to Entrain Within
Five Days' Period
Beginning May 25.

QUOTAS BY STATES GIVEN

Secretary Baker's Estimate of War
Cost for Year Believed to Be Too
Low—Committee Put Figure
at 20 Billion.

Washington, May 6.—State officials received calls on Friday for men to fill the May draft quota. Provost Marshal Crowder said 233,472 will be inducted into service during the month.

The men were ordered to entrain for camp within five days' period beginning May 25. This brings the total number of men called for the month of May, including special classes, to approximately 305,000.

Among the state quotas, with the camps to which they are assigned, are as follows:

Arizona—Camp Cody	1,784
Arkansas—	
Camp Bonnegard	300
Camp Pike	4,124
Colorado—Camp Cody	2,070
Idaho—Camp Lewis	703
Illinois—	
Camp Wheeler	5,000
Camp Grant	5,000
Camp Gordon	4,108
Camp Shelby	4,351
Indiana—Camp Taylor	3,470
Iowa—Camp Dodge	3,054
Kansas—Camp Funston	4,371
Kentucky—Camp Taylor	0,311
Michigan—	
Camp Wheeler	5,000
Camp Custer	5,149
Minnesota—Camp Lewis	4,714
Missouri—	
Camp Fort Riley	5,400
Camp Dodge	7,237
Montana—Camp Lewis	2,763
Nebraska—Camp Dodge	1,573
New Mexico—Camp Cody	985
New York—	
Camp Dix	0,800
Camp Hancock	6,850
Camp Upton	7,600
Camp Wadsworth	0,700
Camp Sevier	1,380
North Dakota—Camp Lewis	1,230
Ohio—	
Camp Gordon	0,800
Camp Sherman	3,000
Camp Taylor	7,233
Okahoma—	
Camp Bowie	3,400
Camp Fort Riley	2,449
Pennsylvania—	
Camp Meade	7,700
Camp Lee	4,000
Camp Humphreys	3,000
Camp Greentree	2,223
South Dakota—Camp Lewis	7,348
Tennessee—Camp Pike	4,120
Texas—	
Camp Cody	2,200
Camp Bowie	1,124
Camp Travis	5,000
Utah—Camp Lewis	800
Washington—Camp Lewis	518
West Virginia—Camp Lee	4,707
Wisconsin—Camp Grant	10,007
Wyoming—Camp Lee	107

The vast army expansion program submitted by the administration for the fiscal year beginning July 1 next will cost the nation close to \$20,000,000,000, in the opinion of many members of the house committee on military affairs.

Secretary of War Baker, who was before the committee again, reiterated his statement that the program calls for actual expenditures totaling \$13,000,000,000 for the fiscal year.

The secretary was closely questioned on many of the items, however, and both Republican and Democratic members of the committee asserted afterward that Mr. Baker has underestimated the cost of the program.

As estimated by committee members the proposals of the administration, as now shaped, call for appropriations aggregating nearly \$10,000,000,000.

\$1,000,000 FIRE IN WAUKEGAN

Eight Hundred Bluejackets From
Great Lakes Station Help
Fight Big Blaze.

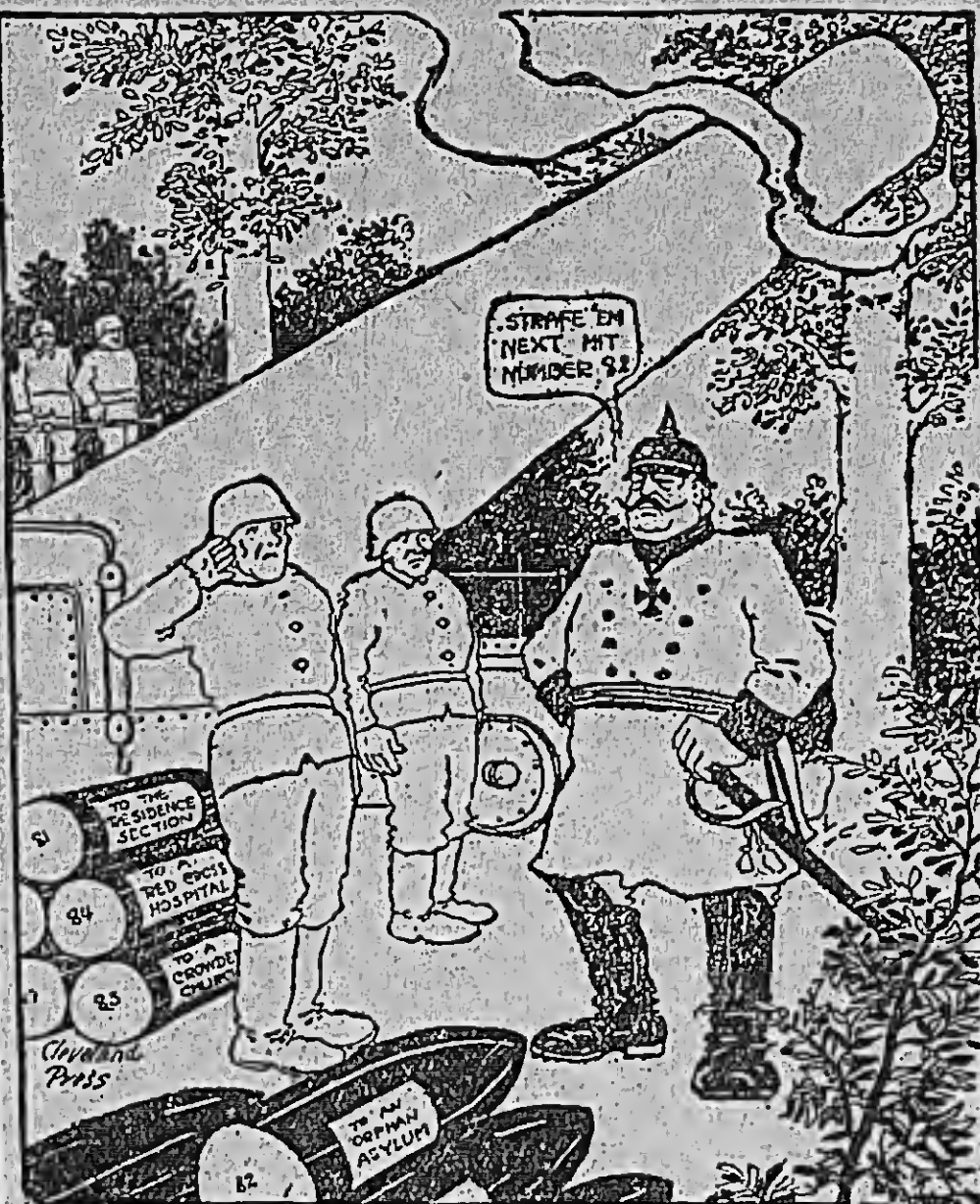
Waukegan, Ill., May 6.—Five hundred employees were thrown out of work and property valued at approximately \$1,000,000 destroyed when fire swept the Waukegan Manufacturers' Terminal plant. The fire started in a pile of lumber on the west side of the plant, and before the arrival of the fire department had spread to seven other buildings.

Eight hundred bluejackets from the naval training station and the fire departments of Waukegan and North Chicago worked five hours before the fire was under control.

Persia Denounces Treaty.
The Hague, May 6.—Persia has informed Holland that it regards as null and void all treaties imposed on Persia in recent years, and especially the Russo-British treaty of 1907 regarding the spheres of influence in that country.

Victor Company Loses Suit.
New York, May 6.—The Victor Talking Machine company was held to be an illegal combination in restraint of trade in a final decree signed by Federal Judge Hand. The court issued dissolution restraining orders.

THE MURDER GUN



74 PERISH IN CRASH

STEAMER CITY OF ATHENS
RAMMED BY FRENCH CRUISER.

Twelve U. S. Marines Lose Lives—
Many Are Rescued by the
Warship.

An Atlantic Port, May 3.—Seventy-four lives were lost when the steamship City of Athens of the Ocean Steamship company was rammed at 1:30 Wednesday afternoon by a French cruiser off the Delaware coast. She sank in seven minutes.

Among the passengers on the City of Athens were 21 members of the United States marine corps.

The first engineer and a tender on board the steamer expressed the belief that some of the marines were lost.

Fire was discovered in one of the holds of the City of Athens immediately after the collision. An attempt was made to lower lifeboats, but the vessel was sinking too fast.

Most of those on board leaped overboard, and the survivors were rescued by the boats of the French cruiser.

The City of Athens carried a crew of 135 men. Sixty-one of the crew were brought to this port by the French cruiser, which was not seriously damaged.

The vessel was of 2,300 tons and was engaged in trade between this city and Savannah.

U. S. NABS KAISER'S ARCH SPY

Germany's Chief Agent, Left Here by
Von Bernstorff, Is Now in
Prison.

New York, May 3.—Germany's chief agent left in this country by the former ambassador, Count von Bernstorff, is now in prison. Lieut. Commander Carl von Rodiger is his name. He was arrested Wednesday and is held in \$15,000 bail for a hearing May 8. The agent of Berlin is accused of having "started" in this country a military expedition against the kingdom of Great Britain.

The prisoner is also accused of being the "paymaster" of the Kaiser in this country and the "man higher up" in connection with many plots. He is an officer in the German imperial navy. The department of justice would go no further than the particulars of Rodiger's arrest and activities than the bare statement in the complaint, except to say that the complaint might be changed later.

FRENCH TO GOVERN IRELAND

Former Commander of British Forces
Is Appointed Lord Lieutenant—
Shortt Named Chief Secretary.

London, May 7.—Lord French has been appointed lord lieutenant of Ireland. He succeeds Lord Wharfedale, who has resigned. Edward Shortt has been appointed chief secretary for Ireland in place of retiring Secretary Duke. Since his recall from the chief command of the British expeditionary forces to France, Lord French has been commander of British home forces. Edward Shortt is a radical and home ruler. The Irish vote of Newcastle-on-Tyne sent him to parliament. He is known as an out-and-out opponent of conscription.

Nagel Given U. S. Post.
St. Louis, May 6.—Charles Nagel, former secretary of commerce and labor in President Taft's cabinet, left for Washington on Friday afternoon where, it is said, he will take a federal post.

Hays to Open G. O. P. Offices.
New York, May 6.—Will H. Hays of Indiana, chairman of the Republican national committee, reached New York Friday and is making arrangements for the opening of the national headquarters.

BIG ARMY FOR FRANCE

SEC. BAKER WANTS FORCES IN-
CREASED AT RAPID PACE.

War Chief Asks \$13,000,000,000 in Next
Fiscal Year—Appears Before
House Committee.

Washington, May 4.—A colossal military program was submitted on Thursday by Secretary of War Baker to the house committee on military affairs. Here are the principal features of the plan:

1. Expenditures on the army aggregating \$13,000,000,000 in the next fiscal year, more than twice the total of this year's outlay.

2. Manufacture of artillery on a stupendous scale, involving the immediate erection of enormous plants, the whole outfit representing several billion dollars.

3. Drafting of at least 1,000,000 additional registrants and as many more as can be equipped and transported to France, with the prospects favorable to maintaining an army of 3,000,000 men in the field next year.

He told the committee that it would be ill-advised to restrict the number of men to be utilized and that the size of the army should be increased in the discretion of the government, as transportation and equipment facilities warrant.

FIVE U. S. FLYERS KILLED

Major Brindley, Chief Instructor; Col.
Damm and Three Others' Lives
Lost in Accident.

Dayton, O., May 4.—Maj. Oscar A. Brindley and Colonel Damm, two expert aviation men from the McCook federal flying field here, met death on Thursday at the Moraine City aviation field here. The machine dropped 400 feet while making a turn in the air.

Colonel Damm and Major Brindley had started for an experimental trip and had soared to a height of 400 feet when, witnesses say, in endeavoring to make a too sudden turn the airplane went into a tail spin and dropped to the ground.

Major Brindley was recently named chief instructor of the American aerial forces.

Port Worth, Tex., May 4.—Falling 350 feet in a straight nose dive, Lieut. James S. Davis, Jr., of New York city, and Cadet Paul Perloff of Oakland, Cal., were killed here on Thursday.

Lawton, Okla., May 4.—Lieut. William Dean Thompson of the Two Hundred and Fifty-third field artillery, student observer at Post field, was killed and Lieut. Foster Bailey, pilot, was injured seriously on Thursday, when their airplane fell 30 feet.

HUNS BEAT FINN RED GUARDS

Berlin Claims Capture of 20,000 Prisoners
in Five-Day Battle in the
Southwest.

Berlin, May 6.—"In southwestern Finland we have overwhelmingly defeated the enemy during a five-day battle near Lakhti and Tavasthame, capturing 20,000 prisoners," says the German official communication issued on Friday.

General Kenly Promoted.
Washington, May 4.—Brig. Gen. William L. Kenly, of the National army, was nominated for promotion to the rank of major general. G. S. Allen of Topeka, Kan., was nominated to be register of the land office at Topeka.

Spy Gets Eighteen Months.
Duquesne, Pa., May 4.—Bernard Stenzel, Waverly, Pa., attorney, found guilty on Thursday of violating the espionage act, was sentenced to 18 months in the federal penitentiary at Fort Leavenworth and fined \$300.

SAYS U. S. CONSUL AIDS REBELLION

Bolsheviki Minister Requests His
Recall and Explanation; Allies
Also Accused.

RUSS PROTEST TO AMERICA

Charges Made That Representatives of
Entente Allies at Vladivostok
Plotted to Free Siberia and
Establish Government.

Moscow, May 7.—Foreign Minister Tchitcherine has addressed the representatives in Moscow of the United States, England and France, requesting the speedy recall of their consuls at Vladivostok and an investigation of their alleged participation in negotiations said to have been conducted between the Peking embassies of the powers named and the Siberian autonomous government.

The governments are also asked to define their attitude toward the soviet government and explain what the minister alludes to as "attempts of their representatives to interfere with the internal life of Russia."

M. Tchitcherine submitted copies of the documents seized on the person of M. Kolodoff, a member in Vladivostok of the Siberian autonomous government, who recently was arrested, which the minister declares "establish incontrovertibly that the consular representatives of Great Britain, France and America participated in this plot, and that the diplomatic representatives of these powers in Peking negotiated with the counter-revolutionary organization calling itself the 'Siberian government.'"

M. Tchitcherine also addressed to the Japanese representative in Moscow a communication stating that the letters taken from M. Kolodoff establish the extensive participation of Japanese officials in the counter-revolutionary movement, notwithstanding repeated official assurances of noninterference with the internal life of Russia.

HUN SPY KILLED MRS. KING?

Prosecutor Charges Intended Alien
Murdered Woman While Attempting
to Slay Means.

Coucord, N. C., May 3.—Interest in the mysterious killing of Mrs. Maude A. King, wealthy widow of Chicago and New York, on the night of August 30 last, at a lonely North Carolina spring, was renewed on Wednesday night when a warrant was issued for Otto Schumann, a German alien enemy and alleged spy of the German government.

Schumann is alleged to have fired the shot which killed Mrs. King. His intention, it is added, was to kill Gaston B. Means, who was tried and acquitted on a charge of murder in connection with the wealthy widow's death. Means, it is declared, had undertaken newspaper work with the purpose of exposing some of Germany's war efforts.

The warrant for the arrest of Schumann was sworn out by Morrison H. Caldwell, attorney for the city of Concord. Schumann is interned at present. The charge against him is murder.

HUNS TAKE BIG RUSS FORT

German Forces Occupy Sevastopol—
Kaiser Establishes Military Rule
in Ukraine.

Berlin, May 4.—German forces have occupied Sevastopol, the great Russian fortress on the Crimean. According to the official announcement from headquarters, the town was taken without fighting.

London, May 4.—The Germans have established military rule in Kiev, the Ukrainian capital, and have arrested a number of the members of the government on the ground that "the government had proved too weak to maintain law and order" according to a Berlin official statement. The Ukrainian government officials arrested included the minister of war.

BALLOON BLAST KILLS TWO

Eighteen Soldiers Also Injured When
Gas Bag Explodes at Field Near
Fort Omaha.

Omaha, Neb., May 4.—Two soldiers were killed and 18 injured when the gas bag of a balloon exploded in its hangar at Florence field, near Fort Omaha. The dead and injured were members of the Thirtieth balloon company and all were in the hangar at the time of the accident. The balloon and hangar were destroyed by a fire which followed. The bag had just been pulled down from a trial ascension.

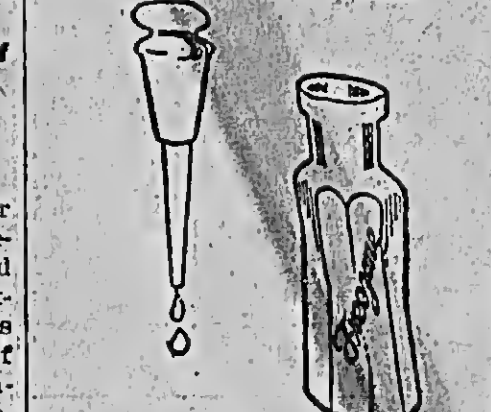
Thirty Killed in Explosion.
An Atlantic Port, May 6.—Passengers arriving on an American steamship from Venezuela told of a terrible explosion in the government arsenal at Caracas. Thirty soldiers, a major and two captains were killed.

Gully of Selling Liquor to Soldiers.
San Francisco, May 6.—Harry P. Flannery, former police commissioner, was found guilty by a jury in the United States district court on three charges of conspiracy to sell liquor to soldiers.

OHIO MAN IS A MODERN WIZARD

CORNS STOP HURTING THEN
LIFT OFF WITH FINGERS.

Drop of magic! Doesn't hurt one bit! Apply a little Freezone on that tough corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then you lift it off with the fingers. No pain at all! Try it!



Why wait? Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of Freezone for a few cents, sufficient to rid you of every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and calloused skin, out sores or irritation. Freezone is the much talked of other discovery of the Cincinnati magic. Adv.

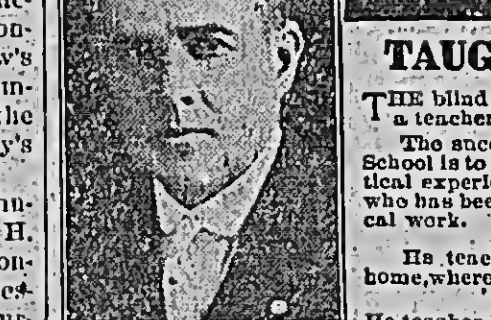
Broke.
"Money makes the mare go."
"In that case, mister, I couldn't even drive a pony cart!"

A DAGGER IN THE BACK

That's the woman's dread when she gets up in the morning to start the day's work. "Oh! how my back aches," GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules taken to-day ease the backache of tomorrow, taken every day ends the backache for all time, doesn't delay. What's the use of suffering? Begin taking GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules today and be relieved tomorrow. Take three or four every day and be permanently free from wrenching, distressing back pain. But be sure to get GOLD MEDAL. Since 1066 GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil has been the National Remedy of Holland, the Government of the Netherlands having granted a special charter authenticating its preparation and sale. The housewife of Holland would almost as soon be without bread as she would without her "Real Dutch Drops," as she quaintly calls GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. This is the one reason why you will find the women and children of Holland so sturdy and robust.

GOLD MEDAL are the pure, original Haarlem Oil Capsules imported direct from the laboratories in Haarlem, Holland. But be sure to get GOLD MEDAL. Look for the name on every box. Sold by reliable druggists in sealed packages, three sizes. Money refunded if they do not help you. Accept only the GOLD MEDAL. All others are imitations. Adv.

Indignant Denial.
"Those are pretty looking trees over there. Are they deciduous?"
"Indeed, they're not. They're the healthiest sort we've got on the place."



Our course in Electrical Drafting is thorough and complete, enabling you to make full detail drawings and read those made by others. For this course we also furnish an outfit of tools and materials.

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—that's what thousands of farmers say, who have gone from the U. S. to settle on homesteads or buy land in Western Canada, Saskatchewan or Alberta is especially attractive. She wants farmers to make money and happy, prosperous homes for themselves by helping her raise immense wheat crops to feed the world.

You Can Get a Homestead of 160 Acres Free

or other lands at very low prices. Where you can buy good farm land at \$15 to \$30 per acre that will raise 20 to 45 bushels of \$2 wheat to the acre—it's easy to become prosperous. Canadian farmers also grow wonderful crops of Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed Farming is fully as profitable an industry as grain raising. The excellent grasses, full of nutrition, are the only food required either for beef or dairy purposes. Good schools and churches; markets convenient; climate excellent. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Supt. of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to

C. J. Broughston, Room 412, 112 W. Adams Street, Chicago, Ill., or V. Macdonald, 1777 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

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Carter's Little Liver Pills
You Cannot be
Constipated
and Happy

Small Pill
Small Dose
Small Price

ABSENCE of Iron in the
Blood is the reason for
many colorless faces, but

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about all breeds of cattle and cash
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HOLSTEIN
Equals 3 Ordinary Cows
Why feed three cows when you need food
only one? Look at these figures:
All Holsteins yield
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Who Live The King

MARY ROBERTS RINEY
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FACES CRUEL THE COUNTESS, TRAPPED BY TERRIFIC TEST OF HER

Synopsis.—The crown prince of Livonia, ten years old, taken to the opera by his father, the king, at night, he slips away to the park, where he is the search which has been made for him. The same night, the king's friend, the prince of the kingdom of Livonia, the old king, the princess Hedwig, who loves the crown prince, sends a secret message to King Nikky Larisch, Otto's ally, by agents of the terrorists and for her marriage. Countess Larisch, unaware of the substitution, the messenger and secures the envelope. The captain dummy letter, substituting and exchanges the sheet within the envelope for someone, goes to Karla and arranges with Karla, Larisch is Hedwig. Karla thereupon releases Captain Mettlich, chance finds her room in the palace, searched Karla for his rents stolen.

CHAPTER her that her In the tray A glance, untouched, code book diamond knick-knack, above, he had given her her perils, even a knock, all were safe. The code book was gone. The countess looked at her face—and found it terrible. She could not stand without support. It was that she saw a paper folded in jewels and took it out with fingers. In one, copperplate she read:

—Tone! Tonight at one o'clock a closed, will wait you in the Street of the Virgin, near the church. You will in it, without fail, to wherever it takes.

The committee of ten! This thing had happened to her. Then it was true that the half mythical committee of ten existed, that this terror of Livonia was a real terror, which had her by the throat. For there was no escape. None. Now indeed she knew that rumor spoke the truth, and that the terrorists were everywhere. In daylight they had entered her room. They had known of the safe, known of the code. Known how much else?

Wild ideas of flight crossed her mind, to be as instantly abandoned for their futility. Where could she go that they would not follow her? When she had reacted from her first shock she fell to pondering the matter, pro and con. What could they want of her? If she was an enemy to the country, so were they. But even that led nowhere, for after all, the terrorists were not enemies to Livonia. They claimed indeed to be its friends, to hold in their hands its future and its betterment. Enemies of the royal house they were, of course.

She was nearly distracted by that time. She was a brave woman, physically and mentally of hard fiber, but the very name signed to the paper set her nerves to twitching. It was the committee of ten which had murdered Prince Hubert and his young wife; the committee of ten which had exploded a bomb in the very palace itself, and killed old Bredau, of the king's council; the committee of ten which had burned the government house, and had led the mob in the student riots a year or so before.

In this dread presence, then, she would and herself that night! For she would go. There was no way out. The countess rang for her maid. She was cool enough now, and white, with a cruel line about her mouth that Minna knew well. She went to the door into the corridor, and looked it. Then she turned on the maid. "I am ready for you, now."

"Madame will retire?"

"You little fool! You know what I am ready for."

The maid stood still. Her wide, bovine eyes, filled with alarm, watched the countess as she moved swiftly across the room to her wardrobe. When she turned about again, she held in her hand a thin black riding crop. Minna's ruddy color faded. She knew the Loscheks, knew their furies.

"Madame!" she cried, and fell on her knees. "What have I done? Oh, what have I done?"

"That is what you will tell me," said the countess, and brought down the crop. A livid stripe across the girl's face turned slowly to red.

"I have done nothing, I swear it. Mother of pity, help me. I have done nothing."

The crop descended again, this time on one of the great sleeves of her peasant costume. So thin it was, so brutal the blow, that it cut into the

hat, she threw a gray veil. A careless disguise, but all that was necessary. The scurries through and about the palace were not unaccustomed to such shrouded figures slipping out from its gloom to light, and perhaps to love.

Before she left, she looked about the room. What assurance had she that this very excursion was not a trap, and that in her absence the vault would not be looted again? It contained now something infinitely valuable and incriminating—the roll of film. She glanced about and seeing a silver vase of roses, hurriedly emptied the water out, wrapped the film in oiled paper, and dropped it down among the stems.

The Street of the Wise Virgins was not near the palace. Even by walking briskly she was in danger of being late. The wind kept her back, too. Then, at last, the Street of the Wise Virgins and the facade, standing at the curb, with a driver wrapped in rugs against the cold of the February night, and his hat pulled down over his eyes. The countess stopped beside him.

"You are expecting a passenger?"

"Yes, madame."

With her hand on the door, the countess realized that the facade was already occupied. As she peered into its darkened interior, the shadow resolved itself into a cloaked and masked figure. She shrank back.

"Enter, madame," said a voice.

The figure stepped forward. It was not sufficient to know that behind the horrifying mask which covered the entire face and head, there was a human figure, human pulses that beat, human eyes that appraised her. She hesitated.

"Quickly," said the voice.

She got in, shrinking into a corner of the carriage. Her lips were dry, the roaring of terror was in her ears. The door closed.

Then commenced a drive of which afterward the countess dared not think. The figure neither moved nor spoke. Inside the carriage reigned the most complete silence. Then the carriage stopped, and at last the shrouded figure moved and spoke.

"I regret, countess, that my orders are to blindfold you."

She submitted ungraciously, while he bound a black cloth over her eyes. He drew it very close and knotted it behind. In the act his fingers touched her face, and she felt them cold and clammy. The contact sickened her.

"Your hand, madame."

She was led out of the carriage, and across soft earth, a devious course again, as though they avoided small obstacles. Once her foot touched something low and hard, like marble. Again, in the darkness, they stumbled over a mound. She knew where she was, then—in a graveyard. But which? There were many about the city.

An open space, the opening of a gate or door that squeaked softly, a flight of steps that led downward, and a breath of musty, cold air, damp and cellarlike.

At last, still in unbroken silence, she knew that they had entered a large space. Their footsteps no longer echoed and reechoed. Her guide walked more slowly, and at last paused, releasing her hand. She felt again the touch of his clammy fingers as he untied the knots of her bandages. He took it off.

At first she could see little. When her eyes grew accustomed, she made out the scene slowly.

A great stone vault, its walls broken into crypts which had contained caskets of the dead. But the caskets had been removed, and were piled in a corner, and in the niches were rifles. In the center was a pile of tables, curiously incongruous, and a pile of documents. There were two candles only, and these were stuck in skulls—old brown skulls so infinitely removed from all semblance to the human that they were not even horrible. It was as if they had been used, not to inspire terror, but because they were at hand and convenient for the purpose. In the shadow, ranged in a semicircle, were nine figures, all motionless, all masked, and all clad in black. They sat, another incongruity, on plain wooden chairs. But in spite of that they were figures of dread. The one who had brought her made the tenth.

And she did not know the past record of the men before her, the rather opera bouffe setting with which they used to surround themselves might have aroused her scorn. But Olga Loschek knew too much. She guessed shrewdly that, with the class of men with whom they dealt, it was not enough that their name spelled terror. They must visualize it. They had taken their cue from that very church, indeed, beneath which they hid. The church, with its shrines and images, appeared to the eye. They, too, appeared to the eye. Their masks, the carefully constructed and upheld mystery of their identity, the trappings of death about them—it was skillfully done.

Still no one spoke. The countess faced them. Only her eyes showed her nervousness; she stood laughingly, her head held high. But like most women, she could not endure silence for long, at least the silence of shrouded figures and intent eyes.

"Now that I am here," she demanded, "may I ask why I have been summoned?"

It was Number Seven who replied. It was Number Seven who, during the hour that followed, spoke for the others. None moved, or but slightly. Evidently all had been carefully prearranged.

"Look on the table, countess. You will find there some papers you will perhaps recognize."

She took a step toward the table

and glanced down. The code book lay there. Also the letter she had sent by Peter Niburg. She made no effort to disclaim them.

"I recognize them," she said clearly.

"Do you realize what will happen, madame, if these papers are turned over to the authorities?"

She shrugged her shoulders. And now Number Seven rose, a tall figure of mystery, and spoke at length in a cultivated, softly intoned voice. The countess, listening, felt the voice vaguely familiar, as were the burning eyes behind the mask.

"It is our hope, madame," he said, "that you will make it unnecessary for the committee of ten to use those papers. We have no quarrel with women. We wish rather a friend than an enemy. The committee of ten, to those who know its motives, has the highest and most loyal of ideals—to the country."

His voice took on a new, almost a faint note. They had watched the gradual decay of the country, he said. Its burden of taxation grew greater each year. The masses sweated and toiled, to carry on their backs the dead weight of the aristocracy and the throne. The iron hand of the chancellor held everything; an old king would die, was dying now, and after that a boy, nominal ruler only, while the chancellor continued his hard rule.

"I will not do it," she said.

But Number Seven remained impassive. "A new idea, countess!" he said suavely. "I can understand that your heart recoils. But this thing is inevitable, as I have said. Whether you or another—but perhaps with time to think you may come to another conclusion. We make no threats. Our position is, however, one of responsibility. We are compelled to place the future of the republic before every other consideration."

"That is a threat."

"We remember both our friends and our enemies, madame. And we have only friends and enemies. There is no middle course. If you would like time to think it over—"

"How much time?" She clutched at the words.

"Women vary," said Number Seven mockingly. "Some determine quickly. Others—"

"May I have a month?"

"During which the king may die! Alas, madame, it is now you who do us too little honor!"

"A week?" begged the countess desperately.

The leader glanced along the line. One head after another nodded slowly.

"A week. It is, madame. Comrade Five!"

The one who had brought her came forward with the bandage.

"At the end of one week, madame, a fierce will, as tonight, be waiting in the Street of the Wise Virgins."

"And these papers?"

"On the day the republic of Livonia is established, madame, they will be returned to you."

He bowed, and returned to his chair. Save for the movements of the man who placed the bandage over her eyes, there was absolute silence in the room.

Prince Ferdinand William Otto was supremely happy. Three quite delightful things had happened. First, Nikky had returned. He said he felt perfectly well, but the crown prince thought he looked as though he had been ill, and glanced frequently at Nikky's cigarette during the riding hour. Second, Hedwig did not come to the riding lesson, and he had Nikky to himself. Third, he, Prince Ferdinand William Otto, was on the eve of a birthday.

This last, however, was not unmixed happiness. For the one day the sentence of exile was to be removed so that he might lunch with the king, and he was to have strawberry jam with his tea, some that Miss Brathwaite's sister had sent from England. But to offset all this, he was to receive a delegation of citizens.

Hedwig was not at the riding school that morning. This relieved Prince Ferdinand William Otto, whose views as to Nikky were entirely selfish, but Nikky himself had unaccountably lost his high spirit of the morning. He played, of course, as he always did. And even taught the crown prince how to hang over the edge of his saddle, while his horse was cantering, so that bullets would not strike him.

They rode and frolicked, yelled a bit, got two ponies and whacked a polo ball over the tina bark, until the crown prince was sweating royally and was gloriously flushed.

"I don't know when I have been so happy," he said, dragging out his handkerchief and mopping his face. "It's a great deal pleasanter without Hedwig, isn't it?"

While they played, overhead the great hearse was ready at last. Its woodwork shone. Its gold crosses gleamed. No flock of dust disturbed its austere magnificence.

The man and the boy who had been working on it stood back and surveyed it.

"All ready," said the man, leaning on the handle of his long brush. "Now it may happen any time."

"It is very handsome. But I am glad I am not the old king." The boy picked up pails and brushes. "Nothing to look forward to but—that."

"But much to look back on," the man observed grimly, "and little that is good."

The boy glanced through a window, below which the riding ring stretched. His brown surface, scarred by nervous hoofs. "I would change places with the crown prince," he said enviously. "Listen to him! Always laughing. Never to labor, nor worry, nor think of the next day's food—"



The Countess Faced Them.



"I Have Done Nothing, I Swear It."

the room. So that was it, of course. The girl was telling the truth. She was too stupid to lie. Then the committee of ten indeed knew everything—had known that she would be away, had known of the window cleaners, had known of the safe, and her possession of the code.

She dismissed the girl, and put away the riding crop, then she smoothed the disorder of her hair and dress. The court physician, calling a half hour later, found her reading on a chaise longue in her boudoir, looking pale and handsome, and spent what he considered a pleasant half hour with her.

Then at last he was gone, and she went about her heavy-hearted preparations for the night. From a corner of her wardrobe she drew a long peasant's cape, such a cape as Minna might wear. Over her head, this

"Young fool!" The man came to his shoulder and glanced down at him. "Would like to be a princeling, then? No worry. No trouble. Always play, play!" He gripped the boy's shoulder. "Look, lad, at the windows about. That is what it is to be a prince. Wherever you look, what do you see? Stables? Orooms? Bah, secret agents, watching that no assassin, such perhaps as you and I, lurk about."

He stopped and stared, wiping the glass clear that he might see better. Nikky without his cap, disheveled and flushed with exertion, was making a frantic shot at the white ball, rolling past him. Where had he seen such a head, such a flying mop of hair? Ah! He remembered. It was the flying young devil who had attacked him and the others that night in the by-street, when Peter Niburg lay stunned!

Miss Brathwaite had a bad headache that afternoon, and the crown prince drove out with his aunt. The Archduchess Annunziata went shopping. The crown prince sat in the carriage and watched the people. The man beside the coachman sat with alert eyes, and there were others who scanned the crowd intently. But it was a quiet, almost an adoring crowd, and there was even a dog, to Prince Ferdinand William Otto's hazy delight.

The man who owned the dog, seeing the child's eyes on him, put him through his tricks. Truly a wonderful dog, that would catch things on its nose and lie dead, rousing only to a whistle which its owner called Gabriel's trumpet.

Prince Ferdinand William Otto, growing excited, leaned quite out of the window. "What is your dog's name?" he inquired, in his clear treble.

The man took off his hat and bowed. "Toto, highness. He is of French origin."

"He is a very nice dog. I have always wanted a dog like that. He must be a great friend."

"A great friend, highness." He would have expatiated on the dog, but he was uncertain of the etiquette of the procedure. His face beamed with pleasure, however. Then a splendid impulse came to him. This dog, his boon companion, he would present to the crown prince. It was all he had, and he would give it, freely, even though it left him friendless.

But here again he was at a loss. Was it the proper thing? Did one do such things in this fashion, or was there a procedure? He cocked an eye at the box of the carriage, but the two men sat impassive, immobile.

Finally he made up his mind. Hat in hand, he stepped forward. "Highness," he said nervously, "since the dog pleases you, I—I would present him to you."

"To me?" The crown prince's voice was full of incredulous joy.

"Yes, highness. If such a thing be permissible."

"Are you sure you do not mind?"

"He is the best I have, highness. I wish to offer my best."

Prince Ferdinand William Otto almost choked with excitement. "I have always wanted one," he cried. "If you are certain you can spare him, I'll be very good to him. No dog," he said, "ever gave me a dog before. I'd like to have him now, if I may."

The crowd was growing. It pressed closer, pleased at the boy's delight. Truly they were participating in great things. A small cheer, and many smiles followed the lifting of the dog through the open window of the carriage. And the dog was surely a dog to be proud of. Already, it shook hands with the crown prince.

Perhaps, in that motley gathering, there were some who viewed the scene with hostile eyes, some who saw, not a child glowing with delight over a gift, but one of the hated ruling family, a barrier, an obstacle in the way of freedom. But if such there were, they were few. It was, indeed, as the terrorists feared. The city loved the boy.

Annunziata, followed by an irritated Elida, came out of the shop. Elida's wardrobe had been purchased, and was not to her taste.

"Good heavens," cried the archduchess, and stared into the carriage. "Otto!"

"He is mine," said the crown prince fondly. "He is the cleverest dog. He can do all sorts of things."

"Put him out,"

"But he is mine," protested Ferdinand William Otto. "He is a gift. That gentleman there, in the corduroy jacket—"

"Put him out," said the Archduchess Annunziata.

There was nothing else to do. The crown prince did not cry. He was much too proud. He thanked the donor again carefully, and regretted that he could not accept the dog. He said it was a wonderful dog, and just the sort he liked. And the carriage drove away.

He went back to the palace, and finding that the governess still had a headache, settled down to the burnt wood frame. Once he glanced up at the woeen dog on its shelf at the top of the cabinet. "Well, anyhow," he said sturdily, "I still have you."

If you were a princess and loved a brave soldier, who, bound by tradition and loyalty to his king, dared not speak the words which crowded to his lips, what would you do? Hedwig faced this problem and was forced to make a decision. The next installment tells how she met the situation.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

HEARD and SEEN at the CAPITAL

"Wanted, Live Press Agent; Apply Mother Nature"

WASHINGTON.—Nature needs a press agent. If you were among the thousands who missed the recent display of the aurora borealis, you will agree with me that a little advance publicity for old Mother Nature would result in larger audiences for some of her most choice displays.



Those who missed the "northern lights" have been kicking themselves because they didn't have the gumption to look out the back window and see something worth looking at.

But how were you to know anything about the aurora borealis being on the way? Nature needed a press agent, that was all.

And now an earthquake!

Missing the Aurora borealis was bad enough, but to miss an earthquake that shakes beneath your very feet is too much. When you failed to look out the window, that night, it wasn't your fault, of course—how in the thunder were you to know the aurora borealis was out there, anyway?

But that earthquake! If you were so absorbed in a book that you failed to feel the house quiver, it was your fault, and you feel it. You may forgive yourself for not looking out the window, but not for failing to note the earthquake.

When you went downtown the next morning there was Henry Jones waiting for you.

"Did you feel the earthquake?" he asked.

"What earthquake?" you said.

He looked at you with pity.

"Where were you, anyway?"

You confessed to home.

"And you didn't feel that quake?"

"No."

"Why, it shook our house and rattled all the dishes in the pantry—didn't you hear the dishes rattling in your pantry?"

You had to admit that if your dishes rattled you failed to detect it.

And Henry Jones went away looking as if he felt sure the fault lay with you and not your dishes.

Yes, decidedly. Nature needs a press agent.

Washington Youngsters Ablaze With Patriotism

WASHINGTON has its patriotic boys and girls. Because a war requires the activities of grown men and women we are apt to forget all about our boys and girls, and how their young hearts bubble over with a real, although undeveloped, patriotism.

Their patriotism may appear superficial sometimes, and perhaps it is only a reflex of what they have heard their elders say, but it is real, tremendously real, nevertheless.

I know a little boy, so small you feel that you could pick him up and put him in your pocket with ease. But, as small as he is, his little brain is concentrated on the war. He is always thinking about it.

He doesn't think of it in terms of men and guns, or ships and aircraft. He doesn't talk of this and that battle-field. He indulges in no speculation. Here is a sample of what he thinks and says:

His mother was talking to another member of the family concerning an article of food which she was cooking.

"And do you know," she said, "it was red hot—"

"Mother," chimed in the little boy.

"Yes, dear?" said his mother.

"You mustn't say 'red hot,' mother," he replied. "You must say Red Cross."

Even when he goes to bed he carries the war with him, evidently. He takes with him, too, the phrases he has heard during the day. Strangely, with his baby wits, he turns them into telling phrases, more potent than he realizes. "You must go to bed now," his mother said to him one night. "It is time for you to go to sleep."

He looked solemnly at his mother with sleepless eyes.

"I won't go to sleep till it's over over there," he said.

Illustrating Anew the Magic Power of Memory

HE had dodged Father Time in the same fashion that a here-and-there clever top escapes the farmer man's scythe. And she was standing before a military window with the jolly youngish woman who had her in charge.

"I used to wear a camellia like that in my hair to every ball I went to on the left side, below the ear. All thought it most becoming. Your Aunt Eliza wore flowers to match the color of her hair dress, but I never appeared in anything but blondest white tulle, with a camellia in my hair—on the left side, below the ear. Your grandfather thought it most becoming. All said we were an extremely handsome young pair—your Aunt Eliza considered her figure more elegant than mine, but it was not the popular opinion. The night I accepted your grandfather—my eleventh proposal to your Aunt Eliza's third—I wore a white camellia like that in my hair—on the left side, below the ear. All thought us an extremely handsome young pair."

"I bet you were a peach, Gramma, and if it wasn't for the looks of the thing I'd shake you right here in the street for not handing down your good looks to the best grandchild you've got to your name—come along now, dear, there's a whole lot more to see."

Isn't memory a feller? Except when she's a scourge.

Just One of Those Who Heard the Country's Call

IF YOU shut your eyes and keep on for three squares you will come to a shop. You can't miss it, because outside the window there is a sign on which some amateur has gone into art paroxysms over shoes that no foot on earth could wear and angels wouldn't want to—

and above the door is lettered a grand opera name that only genius could spell.

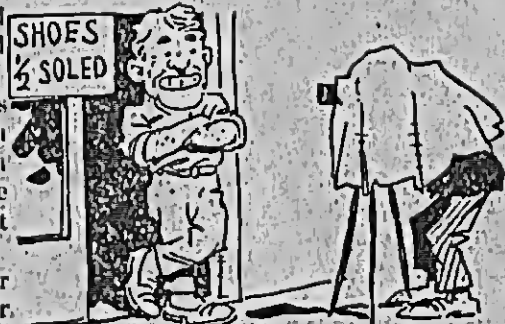
Casually glimpsed, the shop stands for a very small pebble with which some venturesome David is lighting a big, strange-tongued Goliath whom he calls the New World—but you can't always depend on glimpses.

If you had seen David, the other day, say, standing in his open door with one foot resting over the other as if it didn't have to work and wouldn't, with his shirt-sleeved arms folded in the official attitude of one who has downed his foe, and in his midnight eyes a something that would have been a smile except that it was honest pride—you would have known right there that Goliath was as dead as the stoned cat in the alley—that the time you should have come across young David!

There was a reason, of course. A photographer on the pavement was taking a postcard snap for the folks back in Italy, where the crossed feet and folded arms with smile attached will mean success, and where, through the alchemy of infection, the youngster's desire to show off will be interpreted into loyalty and memory and love.

P. S.—All that was until a month ago. Now the signs are gone and the door is locked and the dust has made brown ridges on the shutters.

You cannot be contented to sit at a bench and beg and sew and sing "Santa Lucia" when you have a country to fight for.



Necessary Expenditure.

"I say, Brown, can't you manage to pay me that ten dollars you owe me? I need the money."

"Awfully sorry, old man, but I can't do it."

"I notice you manage to go to the theater two or three times a week, though."

"That's just it. The thought that I owe you money is worrying me so that I have to do something to help me forget it."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets are best for liver, bowels and stomach. One Little Pellet for a laxative, three for a cathartic. Ad.

Very True. "I adore children, excepting when they cry."

"Why, that's the time when I'm fond of them."

"Indeed? Why?"

"Because then they are always removed from the room."

Kill the Flies Now and Prevent disease. A DALBY FLY KILLER will do it. Killhouse, Eastall season. All dealers, or by express, prepaid for \$1. B. BOMERS, 180 De Kalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Adv.

Learned by Examinations. Of 1,700 men, women and children recently subjected to physical examinations in Framingham, Mass., 82 per cent were found to be suffering from some form of disease.

The Easy Way. She—"How have you been economizing?" He—"Used last year's resolutions over again."

Don't Worry About Pimples. On rising and retiring gently smear the face with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off the Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. For free samples address: "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." At druggists and by mail, Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

Awaiting a Delegation. "Do you know that your daughter is engaged?" "I know it, of course, but as yet I haven't been officially notified."

Well Matched. Edith—"They are an ideal couple. Edward—indeed."

Edith—"Yes. He has ambition and she has wealth."

POWDER IN SHOES AS WELL AS GUNS

Foot-Ease to Be Added to Equipment of Hospital Corps.

Under the above heading the Detroit Free Press, among other things says: "The theory is that soldiers whose feet are in good condition can walk further and faster than soldiers who have corns and bunions in their feet."

The Plattsburg Camp Manual advises men in training to shake Foot-Ease in their shoes each morning.

One war relief committee reports, of all the things sent out in their Comfort Bags or "Kits," Allen's Foot-Ease received the most praise from the soldiers and men of the army. It is used by American, French and British troops, because it takes the friction from the shoe and freshens the feet. There is no foot comforter equal to Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic, healing powder to be shaken into the shoe and sprinkled in the foot—both the standard remedy for over 25 years for hot, tired, aching, perspiring, smarting, swollen, tender feet, corns, bunions, blisters or callouses.

Why not order a dozen or more 25c boxes today from your Druggist or Dept. store to mail to your friends in training camps in the army and navy.

Earned His Respect. "I have great respect for that woman's judgment." "Why so, Muddah?" "She refused to marry me once."

It was an Irish philosopher who said that a man always appreciates what he has when he no longer has it.

Why Women Suffer

BECAUSE you are a woman there is no need to suffer pain and annoyance which interfere with work, comfort and pleasure. When you suffer from PISO'S Tablets—a valuable, healing local application with astringent and tonic effects. The name PISO established over 50 years guarantees fair treatment. Money refunded if not satisfied.

If you would be rid of Backaches, Headaches, Nervousness, Weakness as symptoms of the condition—a trial will convince.

PISO'S TABLETS Sold Everywhere 50 Cents

Sample Mailed Free—address postcard THE PISO COMPANY, Warren, Pa.

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D.C. Reasonable. Diligent references. Best service.

Good advice is a thing of value, but we want men who know how to work and who will do the work, too.

\$100 Reward, \$100 Catarrh is a local disease greatly influenced by constitutional conditions. It therefore requires constitutional treatment. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the blood on the mucous surface of the system. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE destroys the foundation of the disease, cures the patient, strengthens by improving the general health and cleans the nature in doing its work. \$100.00 for any case of Catarrh that HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE fails to cure.

Diligence too. Testimonials free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Proposed Seaplane Service. The well-known Swedish airman, Captain Dahlbeck, recently proposed a scheme to the Swedish government for the establishment of a seaplane service between Sweden and England. The idea is that the seaplane shall start and alight at the mouth of the Gulf of Finland. The seaplanes will carry both passengers and mail. The journey from Stockholm to Finland via Lappeenranta takes three days and three nights by means of seaplanes it will be possible for the journey to be covered in a few hours.

You Might Try This. "You manage to wake up earlier this morning."

"Yes, I've just bought a parrot."

"In a clock?"

"I had an alarm clock, but I got it."

"I didn't pay any attention to it, so I hang the parrot's cage in my room and put the alarm clock under it. When the alarm goes off it start the parrot, and what that bird would wake anybody up."

America is Saving. That American war savings drive is really running ahead of the English campaign. In volume of weekly receipts, it is shown by comparative figures made public by the national savings committee.

Natural dachas are not in it with the new kind.

Bobby 5/5-

To get best of all Corbods, order

POSTASTIES Sweet, Ready-To-Eat

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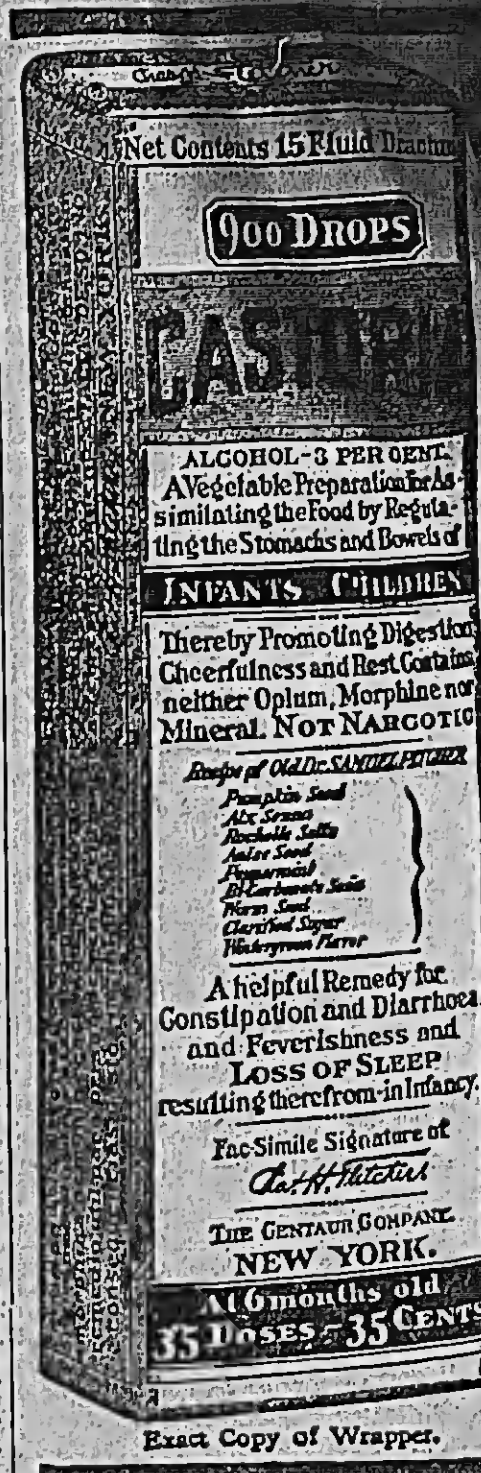
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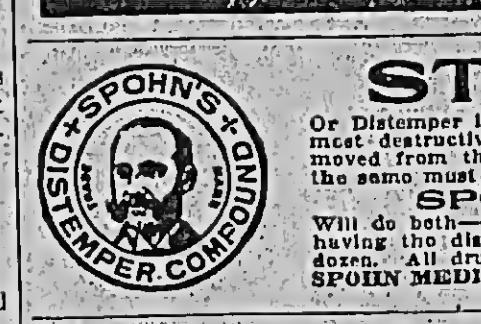
POSTASTIES Sweet, Ready-To-Eat

POSTASTIES Sweet, Ready-To-Eat

POSTASTIES Sweet, Ready-To-Eat



Mo. Genuine. Always Bears the Signature of J. C. H. HITCHCOCK. In Use For Over Thirty Years **CASTORIA** THE CENTUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.



STRANGLES Or Disinfectant in stables, brood mares, colts and all other in most destructive. The germ causing the disease must be removed from the body of the animal. To prevent the trouble the same must be done. **SPOHN'S COMPOUND** Will do both—cure the sick and prevent those "expensive" from having the disease, 50 cents and \$1 a bottle; 15 and \$10 the dozen. All druggists, harness stores, or manufacturers. SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Manufacturers, Goshen, Ind., U.S.A.

U.S. Marine Band Leader Endorses Great Stomach Relief



Tells How EATONIC Makes Sick Stomach Well

If you suffer from stomach trouble, read below and learn what Wm. A. Santelmann, Capt. of U. S. Navy and Leader of the World Famous U. S. Marine Band, says about the wonderful stomach relief. The splendid results this noted band leader secured from the use of EATONIC should be your guide, and you should start using EATONIC today.

Eatonie Remedy Co., Chicago, Ill. Washington, D. C. Gentlemen—EATONIC is an invaluable remedy for dyspepsia and indigestion. I have used it with excellent results. Very truly yours, Wm. A. Santelmann Capt. U. S. Navy and Leader Marine Band.

EATONIC FOR YOUR STOMACH'S SAKE. Quickly Removes All Stomach Misery—Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Flatulence, Heartburn, Sour, Acid and Gassy Stomach. Here's the secret: EATONIC Drives the Gas out of the body—and the Bloat Goes With It! Guaranteed to bring relief or money back. Get a box today. Costs only a cent or two a day to use it. If you want quick relief, you should get the guaranteed full treatment from your druggist today. If you would rather EATONIC first, we will gladly send you a box with full directions, as we so very want every reader to know of the wonderful curative power of EATONIC. Your name and address on a postcard will bring you a trial box free with full directions for use by return mail. Address: H. L. Kramer, President, Eatonie Remedy Company, 1022 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

ATTENTION! Sick Women

To do your duty during these trying times your health should be your first consideration. These two women tell how they found health.

Hellam, Pa.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for female troubles and a displacement. I felt all run down and was very weak. I had been treated by a physician without results, so decided to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound a trial, and felt better right away. I am keeping house since last April and doing all my housework, where before I was unable to do any work. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is certainly the best medicine a woman can take when in this condition. I give you permission to publish this letter."—Mrs. E. R. CRUMMINS, R. No. 1, Hellam, Pa.

Lowell, Mich.—"I suffered from cramps and dragging down pains, was irregular and had female weakness and displacement. I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound which gave me relief at once and restored my health." I should like to recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies to all suffering women who are troubled in a similar way."—Mrs. ELLIS HEIM, R. No. 6, Box 83, Lowell, Mich.

Why Not Try

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. LYNN, MASS.

NEWS

TREVOR

LAKE VILLA

Miss Belle Richards is improving from her recent illness.

Mrs. Ola Barnstable spent Sunday with her sister in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Sherwood Waukegan visitors Thursday.

Mrs. Bob Mill, Sr., entertains mother from Chicago last week.

F. Sherwood spent from 11:30 Sunday in the city on his last day.

Floyd Culver, who is Michigan called on Miller Sunday.

Mrs. Miller and Mr. and Marie McKenney Rockford friends.

Mr. and Mrs. and Eleanor, the solicitors for relatives Sunday.

Are you? They will call.

The Red Cross will hold another of soon and try sales at Manzer's.

The May 11.

its poet Miller is under the store, and is not as well as would wish.

ph. Sherwood is in a Chicago operation which we hope very successful.

and Mrs. Frank Sheehan have possession of a cottage on the bank of Cedar Lake for the summer.

Keep in mind the services of the dedication of the service flag at the church this week Friday evening. A splendid program, no admission charged and all are invited.

Mrs. Snyder and daughters joined Mr. Snyder in Evanston last Thursday and attended a Billy Sunday meeting in the evening. They returned home with Mr. Snyder Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Wald spent Tuesday in Chicago and attended a Billy Sunday meeting. The local Red Cross auxiliary wishes to acknowledge a ten dollar gift from the Walds.

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WILMOT

Mrs. Blenle spent Monday in Kenosha.

Wm. Harm has been ill with rheumatism for several weeks.

Harry Spear and son Vane drove over from Sharon Sunday.

Mrs. Sam Orvis is critically ill at the present writing with pneumonia.

Mrs. A. Hanke of Antioch spent Monday at the George Dean home.

Mrs. Fred Madden went to Kenosha Monday to visit Mrs. Tom Madden.

Misses Nora and Katherine McGuire and Wm. McGuire returned to Chicago Sunday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Lester of Oak Park were Sunday guests at the R. C. Shottliff home.

Mr. and Mrs. Meyers and Mr. Sutcliffe of Kenosha spent the week-end at E. Beck's.

W. Carey and W. Kruckman and family of Burlington were in Kenosha on business Tuesday.

Misses Lucy and Marie Buckley returned to their home in Chicago the latter part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry of Zion City spent Saturday night and Sunday as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Bufton.

F. Beck cut his hand severely one day last week, necessitating the taking of four stitches in the wound.

Gene Dobyns returned to his home in Antioch Sunday after spending the past month at the home of his grandparents here.

Mrs. Ernest Peacock is recovering nicely from her recent serious illness and is now able to sit up a short time each day.

Frank Burroughs and August Holt-dorf are working near Bristol on the state road being improved at that place.

Rev. Jedele and family, Mrs. Faulkner, Mrs. A. Holtorf and Mrs. E. Pelletier motored to Burlington on Saturday.

John Carey, wife and daughter Agnes of McHenry and Miss Vera Bulger of Woodstock spent Sunday at the W. Carey home.

Mrs. Tom Madden was able to be removed from St. Catherine's hospital in Kenosha on Wednesday to the home of her son Frank Madden.

Fred Hanneman, who has been attending Whitewater Normal, is completing the school year as a substitute teacher in the Peoria, Ill., schools.

Fred Volbrecht and family spent Sunday at Louis Volbrecht's in Antioch. Mr. Volbrecht has been ill of late and entered a Chicago hospital the first of this week.

The services at the Holy Name church Sunday night were largely attended. Rev. Schweitzer of Brighton, Father Henrietta of Kenosha and Father Burg of Racine assisted the pastor, Father Brasky.

N. Drom has been transferred from Camp Houston to an eastern camp. Howard Peacock and Lawrence Newberry have been allowed thirty days leave of absence from Camp Custer to assist their home people with the spring farm work.

Salem Township sold \$32,100 of the third bond issue and with the bonds bought by residents outside of the town will easily cover the quota of \$39,000. Wilmot is accredited with \$4000 sold by the committee of ladies.

Fishing has been remarkably good in the river the past week and Sunday there was not an available spot along the banks that was not lined with anglers. Many people from Kenosha drove out for the day. Several launches were up from Grass Lake during the week.

Charles Rudolph Sr., died at his late home Saturday night, May 4, of a general break down due to old age. The funeral services were held at the house Tuesday at one o'clock with interment at the Antioch cemetery. Mr. Rudolph leaves a wife and four children, Frank, Mrs. Mattern, Charles and Albert to mourn his loss.

The home talent play "The American Flag" will be given at the Wilmot opera house the nights of May 10th and 11th. The entire cast have worked tirelessly to make this affair a success and deserve crowded houses. The funds will be presented to the local Red Cross branch.

Dr. Murphy, Roy Richter, Arthur Holt-dorf, Lyane Sherman, Ermine Carey, Fannie Bruel, Mrs. James Carey, and Russell Bruel comprise the members of the cast. Miss Faber has directed the play and Mrs. Murphy the music.

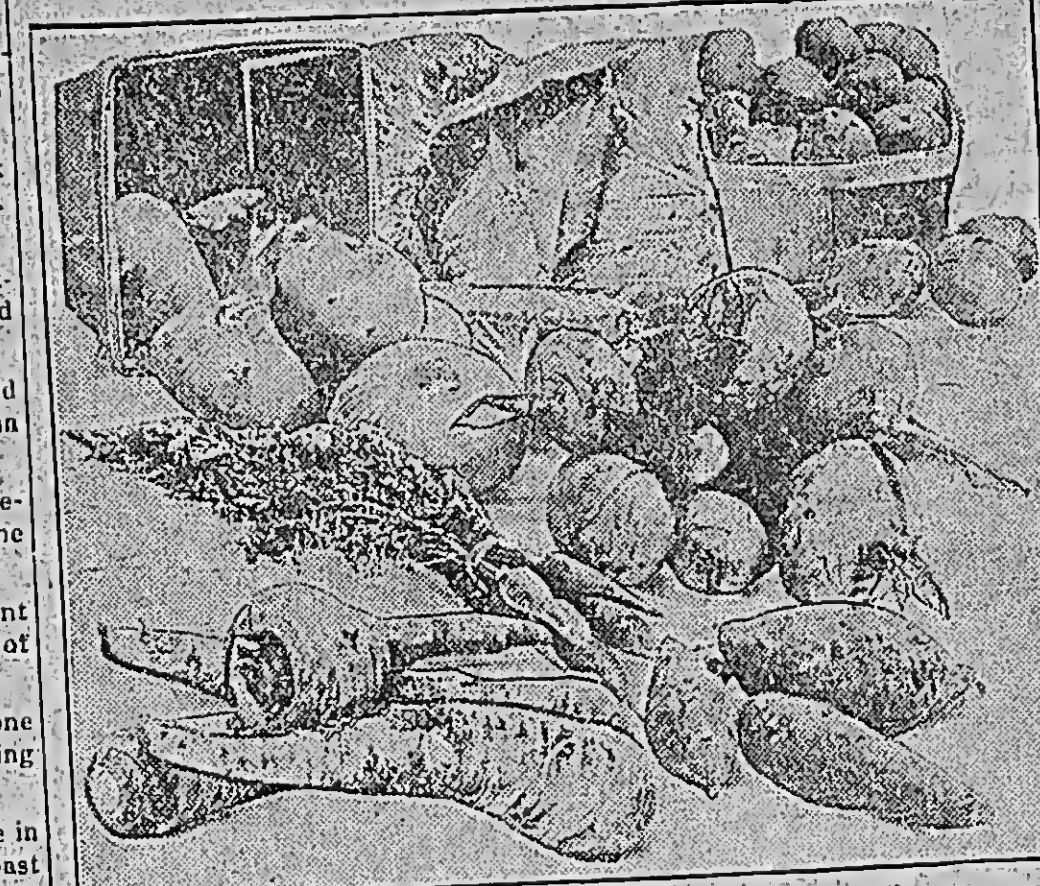
Clarence Wright will have a trombone solo and Arthur Buckley vocal solos. Those two numbers alone will be well worth the price of admission. Reserved tickets may be secured for 35 cents at Frank Kruckman's.

Coconut Butter.

European factories each week make about 10,000,000 pounds of artificial butter with coconut oil as a base.



HOW TO TELL WHEN VEGETABLES ARE READY FOR USE ON TABLE



Vegetables Like These, Grown in the Summer and Stored Until Needed, Vary Winter Diet.

Such vegetables as leaf lettuce, kale, spinach, parsley, chard, turnip, mustard, and any other used as a green or salad may be gathered as soon as large enough to pay for the gathering. It is an excellent plan to make a practice of thinning these crops and using the plants removed as greens or for other purposes. Chard must be used while young as it soon passes its best stage. Kale should be used while still actively young, as when young it is of much better quality than when allowed to become large. It is a far better plan to make frequent successive plantings of the foliage crops so as to have a supply of tender, succulent greens or salad material continually available.

Globe artichokes are ready for use as soon as the bur is formed and must be gathered before the blossoms appear. The bur is the bud of the flower and is used in the same way as turnips or kohlrabi.

Jerusalem artichokes are used in the same way as potatoes. They are ready for use in the autumn and may remain in the ground until needed.

Asparagus is ready for use as soon as the young shoots are three or four inches long. If allowed to grow too long the shoots will become tough and woody.

Beans (snap) are ready for use as soon as the bean is about half formed. In the stringless varieties the pods may be allowed to remain on the plant a little longer than the other sorts, but in every case they should be gathered while young and tender. Lima beans should be gathered as soon as the pods are well filled out, but before the pods begin to turn yellow. They should be gathered while the beans themselves still have a fresh, green appearance. After the beans become white they are past their prime.

Beets should be used while young and tender. The beets may be thinned as soon as they are two or three inches tall and the ones that are removed can be used in greens. The entire crop should be used before they are more than two inches in diameter. Successive plantings at intervals of two weeks are advisable so that a supply of tender beets will always be available.

Brussels sprouts are ready for use as soon as the heads are well formed and begin to crowd each other.

Cauliflower is ready for use as soon as the heads are well formed and well blanched in the interior.

Chinese cabbage is ready for use as soon as well blanched.

Carrots may be used as soon as they reach a size to justify pulling them. Many gardeners follow the practice of thinning the carrots and using those removed as vegetables or in soups. They may be grown as an all-season crop or as a late crop following something else. Size is not important, but very large ones are inclined to be tough and pithy.

Cauliflower is ready for use as soon as the heads are well filled out with the masses of globular material which it allowed to develop would form seed. It is important that it be cut before the heads become old.

Celery is ready for use as soon as it reaches a good size and is blanched. It may be used green for stews, soups, etc.

Collards may be used as soon as the rosette of leaves which forms the head is developed and blanched.

Sweet corn should not be pulled until the ears are well filled out. This is about the time the silk begins to die. When the milk becomes doughy the corn is too old for table use.

Cucumbers are ready for use whenever large enough and before they have begun to turn yellow.

Eggplants may be used at any time after the fruit is large enough to justify picking. It should not be allowed to remain on the bushes too long or decay will set in.

Proof of World's Great Age.
When we come to prehistoric times, Assyria is as yesterday. Discoveries made of skulls in various parts of Europe show that a low class of primitive man lived upon earth at least 250,000 years ago, and for 25,000 years a high type of man inhabited what is now central France.

Better Than an Alarm Clock.
Exe—"Why not have Bridget about the kitchen door mornings? One can smell the breakfast all over the house." Mrs. Exe—"Shut the kitchen door? I guess not. The smell is that gets the family up."—Do Evening Transcript.

Sequoia Lodge No. 827 A.F. & A.M.
Holds regular communications the first and third Wednesday evenings of every month. Visiting Brethren always welcome.
FRANK HUBER, Secy. P. O. HAWKINS, W. M.
The Eastern Star meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month.
JULIA ROSENFELDT, W. M.
IDA OSMOND, Secy.

T. N. DONNELLY & CO.

Loan and Diamond Broker

Diamonds, watches and all kinds of jewelry at less than cost. At half the price you pay for it at store.

24 North Dearborn St. Chicago.

For Electric

lighting, fixtures, motors, irons, ranges, washing machines and all other power and heating devices see

Cash or easy payment

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Phone, 48-J Grays Lake

House wiring our specialty.

W. G. Bragg

Teacher of Violin

Associate teacher of Chas. K. Lindsay

Studio in Opera House Block

Reference

Dr. F. S. Morrell, Antioch

A. HADLOCK, Oph. M.

Optometrist

Eye Glasses Scientifically Fitted

At Keulman's Jewelry Store

Antioch, Ill.

LOTUS CAMP NO. 557 M. W. A.

Meets at 7:30 the first and third Monday evening of every month in the Woodmen hall, Antioch, Ill. Visiting neighbors always welcome.

J. C. JAMES, Clerk. NORRIS PROCTOR, V. C.

L. G. STRANG

Licensed Embalmer and

Funeral Director

ANTIOCH, ILL.

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ALSO FARMER'S NE

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Buy and Sell Exchange and do a General Banking business

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Vacuum Cleaner

absolutely d away

with periodic house-

cleaning—it's me clean

Home, all time.

No need of outdoors and

windows in cold winter

Clean carp and rugs

without takin' outside

in the cold make them.

The Electricum Clean-

ers works li toy along-

side of fold broom.

Gives yo much more

time and action.

Public Ice Co.

of Fern Ills.